

THE LIVING AGE.

No. 1065.—29 October, 1864.

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WE have, at last, with great regret, sold the stereotype plates of the First Series of *The Living Age*, to be melted by type-founders. We have a small number of copies of the printed work remaining, which we shall be glad to receive orders for so long as we can supply them.

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194 RED RIDING-HOOD.—THE LESSON OF THE HOUR.

RED RIDING-HOOD.

We know the simple story
About Red Riding-Hood,—
How all alone to grandma's
She journeyed through the wood,
And the little basket carried,
All in the morning bright,
With the golden balls of butter
Beneath the napkin white.

She must have thought of grandma
While walking in the shade ;
How lovingly and gladly
She'd greet her little maid ;
When she her basket opened,
How pleased the dame would be
To see the little present,
Put up so carefully !

And then the sad deceiver,
The wolf, with cruel eyes !
The simple child, confiding,
More innocent than wise,
Nought knowing of the danger,
Nor fearing in the way,
The little story tells us,
Falls to his wiles a prey.

It is a mournful story,
But, like Red Riding-Hood,
All we poor little children
Are walking in the wood.
Our path is very pleasant,
But set with many a snare ;
The wolf is watching for us !
Oh, little ones, beware !

—*Tract Journal.*

THE SLAVE SINGING AT MIDNIGHT.

Loud he sung the Psalm of David,—
He a negro and enslaved,—
Sung of Israel's victory,
Sung of Zion bright and free.

In that hour when night is calmest,
Sung he from the Hebrew Psalmist,
In a voice so sweet and clear
That I could not choose but hear,—

Songs of triumph and ascriptions,
Such as reached the swart Egyptians,
When upon the Red Sea coast,
Perished Pharaoh and his host.

The voice of his devotion
Filled my heart with strange emotion ;
For its tones by turns were glad,
Sweetly solemn, wildly glad.

Paul and Silas, in their prison,
Sung of Christ, the Lord arisen ;
And an earthquake's arm of might
Broke their dungeon gates at night.

But, alas ! what holy angel
Brings the slave the glad evangel ?
And what earthquake's arm of might
Brake his dungeon gates at night ?

LONGFELLOW.

THE LESSON OF THE HOUR.

BY EDWARD S. RAND, JR.

STRONG in faith for the future,
Drawing our hope from the past,
Manfully standing to battle,
However may blow the blast :
Onward still pressing undaunted,
Let the foe be strong as he may,
Though the sky be dark as midnight,
Remembering the dawn of day.

Strong in the cause of freedom,
Bold for the sake of right,
Watchful and ready always,
Alert by day and night ;
With a sword for the foe of freedom,
From whatever side he come,
The same for the open foeman
And the traitorous friend at home.

Strong with the arm uplifted,
And nerved with God's own might,
In an age of glory living
In a holy cause to fight ;
And whilom catching music
Of the future's minstrelsy,
As those who strike for freedom
Blows that can never die.

Strong, though the world may threaten,
Though thrones may totter down,
And in many an Old World palace,
Uneasy sits the crown :
Not for the present only
Is the war we wage to-day,
But the sound shall echo ever
When we shall have passed away.

Strong,—'tis an age of glory,
And worth a thousand years
Of petty, weak disputings,
Of ambitious hopes and fears :
And we, if we learn the lesson
All-glorious and sublime,
Shall go down to future ages
As heroes for all time.

Strong,—not in human boasting,
But with high and holy will,
The means of a mighty Worker
His purpose to fulfil :
Oh, patient warriors, watchers,—
A thousand-fold your power,
If ye read with prayerful purpose
The Lesson of the Hour.

—*Continental Monthly.*

From The Westminster Review.

MOUNTAINEERING.

The Alpine Guide. By John Ball. 2 Vols. Part I.—Western Alps, 1863. Part II.—Central Alps, 1864. London. Longman and Co.

THERE are few people nowadays who have ever left England at all that have not seen something of the Alps, and still fewer of these who have not felt something of the mountain fever in their veins. As a natural result, we have been bored to death with every form of Alpine narrative,—serious, comic, scientific, poetical, semi-pseudo-scientifico-poetico-personal. Men (to say nothing of women) have come back from the mountains as gushing over with their adventures as children from a fair, and have prosed about their hair-breadth escapes or the contents of their carpet-bags with odious earnestness. All this is very silly; but a far sillier affectation is that of the very refined people who have come to the conclusion that the Alps—the pathless, infinite Alps—are as good as *hackneyed*. No doubt the frisky impertinences of a few brag-gart scramblers are hard to bear; and the boisterous glee with which they recount their deeds of daring recalls the dreary fun of the prize-ring. But all this is no excuse for the rank profanity of those who make light of the noble art of mountaineering in itself. We believe that so far from too much having been said about it, its real title to honor has never been recognized,—*caret quia vate sacro*. The Alps will be worn out only when the ocean and the firmament are stale, flat, and unprofitable; and Alpine climbing may be reckoned the folly of boys only when the sap is withering up in men, and the fibres of their natures are growing coarse. It is rather our belief that of all the modes in which men may refresh themselves from work, this is the worthiest, most reasonable, most adapted to our times. Love for the mountains is yet but in its egg; and mountain walking has yet to take rank as the noblest, the happiest, and the most popular of all our national pursuits.

Let us be just. There are many things good, even though but one thing is best. Dull of spirit, but weak of stomach, is he who does not know the thrill which stirs all English blood upon the sea,—who does not love it in its every mood, its gayest and its wildest,—who is blind to the curves of

prow and sail,—who is deaf to the thundering charge of waters, or the ripple round the trenchant keel,—who does not rejoice in all sea sights and sounds, the answered cheer, the quaint, quiet speech of the old salt,—who has not glowed with the true fellowship of the deep. All manners and ways in which men move upon the waters are good and not to be despised; the very thud of the drenched fisherman's bow,—the fierce pulsation of contending oars,—the plunge into the still pool,—the wreathed circles of the skate,—all are good to fill the mind and nerve again the heart.

Yet though he were a very degenerate Briton who could gainsay the glories of the ocean, in the Alps men may find these and more. In them earth, air, and water all join to give fresh mystery and beauty. The Alpine solitudes are more lonely and terrible even than those of the sea, the shapes and forms of all things stupendous beyond all comparison, the loveliness more bewitching and multiform, the awfulness even yet more deep. Billows of ice yet wilder than those of any tempest-driven sea dash themselves to fragments on Alpine peaks loftier tenfold than those of any coast; and from an Alpine summit may be watched skies yet more golden, vaulting a far more various horizon.

May it also be long before the pride of our horse-taming race is forgotten, and Englishmen cease to love every pace of the noble brute,—the throb of the gallop, the bounding leap, the stately tread, and all the proud, delicate ways, the fire, the grace, the trust and patience of the first of the animals. Nay, but all rational delight in the horse, that comes of honorable using of his gifts, is a right and gallant thing, very cheering to the healthy spirits, and very bracing to the well-grained muscle. *Sunt quos curriculo*,—and he must be a pedant that grudged men their delight in the horse and in every sort of skill which he can call out. Be it, however, remembered that the practice of climbing mountains breeds a still keener use of hand and eye,—pursuit still fiercer, resolves yet readier, and the higher concert of man with man. Can any man seriously compare the chase of a poor vermin-fox with the zest of the attack on some untrodden pass, or the rapture of the race with that of conquering a new mountain-top? No gallop warms the blood like the whirl down a slope of snow;

and no turf gives out a ring so merrily as the crunching of crisp glacier ice. But, were all these things equal, in all the higher elements, in all the moral features of a pastime, Alpine climbing as far surpasses horsemanship in all its forms as the mystery of the Alpine solitudes does our English downs, as much as trust in a tried comrade is better than our finest sympathy with the brute.

There comes, then, many an old English sport not to be despised by any one who values a light heart and a sound body; but no serious man could place these mere exercises of muscle beside the mounting into the supermundane world of ice, the inexhaustible visions and meditations amidst those unearthly solitudes.

We speak lastly of the most ancient and, in the vulgar sense, the most honorable of our national games,—the slaughter of wild (or tame) animals. This pursuit, though followed doubtless by the herd chiefly out of fashion, prejudice, or pride,—the half-savage heirloom of our Norman conquerors,—has yet been found with many to supply a very health-giving occupation, and to minister some not unuseful relaxation to the mind. Nay, men not otherwise irrational have been known to take a keen relish in the mere snaring of the lithe salmon, in the bagging of the toothsome grouse, in the stalking of the wary buck; nay, even in the very worrying of an otter or a hare. Such is the force of habit and inveterate sanction of opinion! Far be it from any man—be he Rufus or Jaques—to gainsay the fragrant glow of life which the heather sheds, or the zest of a sportsman's hard day, or the charm of the angler's haunt. Yet it seems to us all these were better if unpolluted with the torture of poor brutes; if blood and quivering plumes did not stain the purple moor; and if eyes which delight in glen and moor did not kindle yet more brightly over the dying shudder of the deer; if the spell of some haunted pool were not snapped by the writhing of the torn trout. A true lover of Nature, methinks, might seek her better than through the agonies of the beautiful creatures which she nurtures. Let him who loves these things take his fill of them to his heart's lust,—but let him not dare to compare his joys with the unbloody raptures of the Alpine climber, whose only quarry is the visible glory of this earth, whose ardor

needs not to be whetted by the scream of any tortured thing, whose love of nature is not debased by the animal instincts of destruction.

Indeed, if wounding and killing be the height of manliness, let us not forget some time-honored pastimes, relics mostly of the same hunters' or fighters' instinct,—where, at any rate, the sportsman or player hazards as much as he aims for, and hits at least a game that can hit him,—fencing, sword-play, cudgel-playing, tilting or wrestling, and why not boxing and fisticuffs?—nay, if the worrying brutes to death be so fascinating an amusement, let us say at once dog-fighting, rat-hunting, cock-fighting, badger-drawing, and the other accomplishments of your lordly blackguard,—indeed, a whole crowd of the lower field or turf sports, innocent or vicious, simply mirthful or simply cruel, but all not by the rational man to be spoken of in the same breath with the finer exercises of sense, the truly intellectual joys of the flesh.

That some such sport, pastime, or relief is very necessary in our present civilization—some such unloosing of the brain-fibre and tension of the muscle-fibre—is plain to any man yet possessing muscle or brain to be acted on. Our mode of life is all too feverish and unwholesome to be sustained without due intervals for the oxygenation of the blood and the phosphorization of the brain. We must rise now and then, like the whales, to a purer medium. After the ignoble modern fashion, we have got to look on mere bodily training as a luxury or a vanity, and the old religious culture of the manly powers by the Greeks is turned into a jest or a by-word. Half the poetic value of life is lost amidst this sordid unrest of the mind. In those ages when education meant something wider than the mastication of tough grammars and the "damnable iteration" of figures, the cultivation of the bodily capacities was brought into unison with the lessons of all civic virtues and manly duty. This welding of courage, strength, and thought was held to be the training most worthy of the freeman and the citizen; and through such exercises men grew up to no small force and worth of character, and to a fine balance of the whole vital powers. The time is yet far distant when to keep the due force and equilibrium of the body will be held as one of the religious duties; but even we,—we in our

hectic state of mental restlessness,—even we need some pauses from intellectual agitation, some brief bursts of physical exertion.

But as if, after all, any of the higher forms of bodily exercise were simply so much mere gratification of the senses or simple animal impulses! As if there were such things in this sense as mere physical enjoyments! Why, they spring equally from some of the finest and purest parts of our nature. They kindle in us some of the healthiest yearnings of the heart, and the subtlest of our intellectual musings. Nay, a mere autumn walk along a wooded hillside nourishes brain, spirit, and body at once, and opens to us from all sources together new well-springs of life. Half the best thoughts of our modern poets, of our artists, our musicians, our teachers, have been lit up by this,—the simplest, truest source of inspiration.

Not, of course, that mere tension of muscle or sudorification of the skin has in it such virtue. Mere exercise at crank-work would hardly avail. The mind must be unbent whilst the sinews are being tightened. A new sphere must be sought, a new atmosphere must be breathed. And of all these grounds the Alps offer us the most new and strange, the most exhilarating, the most instructive, the most ennobling. It is not bodily rest alone which is needed by the jaded son of letters, law, or science. He requires most his spirit to be refreshed,—bathed in new life,—not simply relaxed. He needs to lay aside memory, forethought, contrivance, and method,—to shake his shoulders free from the yoke of habit,—to step down from the treadmill of convention on to the fresh sod of his mother earth. The dull mechanic round of life grates so hardly on the free spirit that to live it must escape sometimes from its cage, and soar up exulting to the gates of heaven. We live for the most part in a very iron mask of forms. Our daily ways are at bottom so joyless, so trite, so compulsory, that we must be free and simple sometimes, or we break. Our present world is a world of remarkable civilization, and of very superior virtue; but it is not very natural and not very happy. We need yet some snatches of the life of youth,—to be for a season only simply happy and simply healthy. We need to draw sometimes great drafts of simplicity and beauty. We need sometimes that poetry should be, not droned into our ears, but flashed into our

senses. And man, with all his knowledge and his pride, needs sometimes to know nothing and to feel nothing but that he is a marvellous atom in a marvellous world.

But there are yet various reasons which make keen physical exertions not merely necessary for our muscular and animal system, but essential also to our moral nature. Our high material civilization is always tending towards the point where it might annihilate those mundane conditions which make the human powers what they are. Our intellects—nay, our very virtues—would very soon rot or run to seed, were the necessity for effort,—and all effort is ultimately concentrated in muscular effort,—were all effort banished from the world. The human race will be drawing towards a bad end when no one ever runs any risks or fatigues, no one ever feels too hot or too weary, and never sees a fellow-being in want of a strong arm and resolute self-sacrifice. Nothing can be more false than the silly old quibble that an increase of cultivation takes the manhood and heart out of the advancing generations. But there would soon be truth in this venerable lie, if it were to turn out that increased cultivation made the sterner qualities of manhood superfluous and obsolete. So long as this planet remains what it is, there will always come times in a man's life when he needs for himself and for others that reasonable disregard of pain and of life, that insensibility to physical privation, that lightning readiness of hand and eye, that dogged temper of endurance which men have called manliness ever since the days of the Trojan war. Now these things cannot be learned without some practice, and cannot always be practised at a given moment or place. They need much habitual use, at times the most unexpected, and in ways the most perplexing. To seek after these occasions, to hazard something for them within the judgment of a considerate mind, is a very desirable and indeed essential purpose in these times, and very worthy of the rational man. Hence it is that our time-honored field-sports and manly games, even if risking something occasionally to life and limb (within the limits of cool sense), are not excusable only, but actively meritorious,—not pleasant merely, but positively virtuous; for by them the sap of man is kept up fresh and pure, and the fibre of our nerves as tough as ever was that of our forefathers.

But, in truth, to decry Alpine climbing as foolhardiness is both very ignorant and very perverse. Its supposed dangers are mere visions of the benighted lowlander. Its real risks are indeed small to the skilful and prudent man. The foolhardy blunderer will find dangers in a street-crossing. The accidents in the Alps are nothing to those of the hunting-field, and even of the moor. Far more men die of gunshot wounds in a month than fall into crevasses in a season. No doubt the Alpine accidents, when they do happen, are of a very frightful kind. But a man may as well be killed beneath a precipice one thousand feet high as at the bottom of a fenced ditch. Of course, if careless or unpractised persons attempt what skilful climbers can do with ease, they will probably come to a bad end. On this point only serious warning is needed. Once let it be universally understood that to climb glaciers requires special habit, like fencing or skating, and accidents will scarcely be heard of. No one but a fool sets up to ride a steeple-chase if he has never taken a gate, or goes out to a battue if he has never handled a gun; but many a man who has never seen ice, except on a pond, jauntily thinks that what A, B, and C can do he can do much better, and goes like a fool to risk his own and his companion's neck on a difficult *arrête*. Such men must be told that ice-climbing requires some special training of hand, foot, eye, and nerve. With these, and reasonable forethought, a healthy man may go anywhere and do anything. Without them, all the courage and strength in the world are of no use, and may only bring a man to a painful and unhonored end. But the man who, diligently training himself for what he has to do, takes all the measures which a man of sense would, may fairly give full rein to his energies and his fancies in the Alps, and know that he is following some of the best emotions of our nature, and testing some of the most useful qualities we have, without committing any folly of which a wise man need be ashamed, or incurring any risk but that inseparable from every keen exercise, whether of nerve or limb.

Less dangerous than many, more exhilarating than most, and nobler than any other form of physical training, Alpine climbing may surely be *proved to demonstration* to be the best of the modes by which we may refresh, as we must, our jaded animal and sen-

suous systems. Fighting with mankind in all its modes, real or mimic, has long been set down as a brutalizing outlet for our animal energies. The destruction of animals, or all forms of the chase, will soon, we believe, be discredited on somewhat similar grounds. There remains the better fight, the true scope for our combative capacities, the battle with the earth, the old struggle with the elements and the seasons. To know this strange and beautiful earth as it is, to bask from time to time in its loveliness, to feel the mere free play of life and happiness in the great world of sense, to wrestle with it from time to time in its might, is not the most ignoble occupation of its rational denizens.

Doubtless this opens a wide field, and includes the exercise of nearly every human faculty. The knights-errant and Crusaders of our day—men how far superior to the ancient!—are the voyagers, the discoverers, the pioneers; some deathless Cook or Kane, or Livingstone or Brooke, who, daring and enduring to the utmost force of human nature, girdles the yet untamed earth, and brings man face to face with his unknown brother. Between such men and one who traverses only some neighboring moor, if he so much as knows and loves its native flowers and animals, there is a regular link. And of the more ready modes in which a busy man can feed this passion for earth, the best is Alpine climbing,—the best, not only for the special beauty and variety of scene, but as being that form of nature which fills the spirit most deeply with emotion, and awes it into simplicity and seriousness. Oh, unforgotten hours, for how many causes is your memory dear! What can a man say who struggles to recall you?—how tell, how remember with method or completeness the full measure of exhilaration,—

“Trasumaner significar per verba non si poria.”

PARADISO,—

the tramp in silence under the morning stars; the hush which precedes the dawn, and the glowing circles of sunlight round the distant peaks; the ring of the crisp ice in the early morn; the study of the path, and the halt merry with shouts and jests; the snatched meal, preposterous but delicious; the grappling with some mad ice-torrent, and the cunning path wound upwards through a chaos of *séracs*; the wild and fairy loveliness of cavern and chasm; then the upward strain

across some blinding wall of snow; the crash of the ice-axe and the whirr of the riven blocks; the clutch at the hewn step; the balanced tread along the jagged ridge; the spring at the last crag, and then the keen cheer from the summit? And what a summit! and what a reward for work!—the world, as it were, and all that it holds, the plains and hills, the lakes, rivers, towns, villages, meadows, and vineyards, myriads of peaks snow-tinted, and valleys infinite, opening before the amazed eyesight in circle beyond circle, and all around and beneath broad wastes of snow and unimaginable gulfs. And then comes home to the dullest a sense of awe at standing thus looking out over the earth amidst force so portentous and expanse so vast,—a creature one's self how slight, how ignorant, and yet how strong and sovereign! Then, filled through and through with awe and joy, the last look taken, one turns again to work, to the mad whirl of the glissade, the still more treacherous descent, the dripping glacier-bridge at noon, the effaced footprints, the cheery tramp through slush and snow, happy and bespattered, stumbling and laughing, drenched and merry,—the tread at last on the springing turf as on that of a long unseen home; the first mosses, the highest pines, and the first huts, one after another; the first few and ever-increasing signs of man and cultivated earth and civilized existence, the blessed signs of human life and social aid, the nestling village huts and barns, the long files of gentle herds, the half-golden patch of corn, the quaintly poised bridge, the lowly roof and flashing cross of the village church, the kindly "good-night" of the peasant, the simple welcome and the homely glow of the hospitable hearth.

In speaking of the peculiar merits of mountaineering, a man knows hardly where to begin, much less where to stop. To take the human fellowship it gives one by itself, there is surely no form of exercise or sport which brings a man so closely into contact with so high a class of companions. In the hard work of life men are never thrown into society with their laboring fellow-men except under the rigid circumstances of our artificial life, which make a true sense of brotherhood, much more mutual friendship, practically impossible. Men of education and of wealth meet their toiling brothers only as employers,

as rulers, as teachers,—never, by the nature of things, as friends.

Here and there a nature peculiarly tender or peculiarly genial can take and press the rough hand with genuine sympathy. But for the most part the routine of social life is too strong for us, and we get all drilled into a stolid notion that we form but the grades of an army, not a family of brothers. The essential manhood is lost to us under the distinctions of uniform. It becomes something frightful, demoralizing, and cruel, that in no moment of our lives do we stand beside our poor and ignorant neighbors, and feel that each rests solely on the native qualities of man. There can be no better thing for a man than now and then to have the great facts thrust upon him, to be able even for an instant to come down to the subsoil of simple manhood, to feel a genuine friendship for men utterly unlike him, and in every point of cultivation utterly inferior.

Nowhere does one do this so fully as when thrown with the higher class of Alpine guides. No doubt it is the pride and charm of all forms of seafaring, that it breeds a very real communion between all who share the ship's work. Sportsmen, especially in the Highlands, speak with enthusiasm of their huntsmen, gillies, and keepers. No doubt our brutalizing field-sports have this gentler side. But none of these men can for one moment compare in qualities and character with the best sort of Alpine guide, and no intercourse can compare with that of the mountaineer and his attendants.

It is very easy to laugh at the many vagabonds Switzerland, like any other tourist-swarmed country, must breed. But the men who head glacier parties are, almost without exception, men of character, intelligence, and ambition. They are, in fact, the choicest flower of the mountain peasantry. No man gets high rank amongst them except he possesses a combination of sterling qualities. He must be full of patience, ingenuity, observation, nerve, and zeal. All who know these men well can say what sterling cultivation of mind, what consummate fortitude and perfect self-control they have attained, and, above all, what tenderness and often poetry of nature they unconsciously put forth. Many of them, with all their faults, have a fine simplicity of spirit, and in one

or two there is the truly heroic mould. Let it be said again here that one is speaking only now of the first-rank men, such as mountaineers alone meet. There are few who have ever spent a fortnight with one of these men but have felt themselves warmed by the contact with a temper of true worth, and no occupation ever promotes intercourse so frank and complete as that of Alpine climbing. In the long and important expeditions one is often for a week, ten days, or even a month, almost alone with one's guides upon the mountains. Day and night they march, rest, eat, and sleep side by side, share one flask and one rug, and drag each other alternately across a crevasse; for, be it remembered, the trust and help is continuous and mutual. Men tied together by a rope on the side of an ice precipice soon come to understand each other's natural tempers and gifts, and care singularly little for the artificial accidents. Conventional reserve, however thickly coated, shrivels off from men who owe each other their lives several times a day. And it is strange how naturally it comes to shake the horniest and the grimmest of hands which are strong enough to drag one out of a nasty crevasse. A week or two spent with men like these, listening to their songs, tales, and jokes, seeing their habits of observation, interested in their skill, giving full rein to the sense of trust, sympathy, and fellow-feeling, is to go down to the root of the matter in human nature. Day by day one wonders afresh at their doglike instinct of place, their more than doglike faithfulness, their readiness in contrivance and fertility of resource, their quickness and zeal in meeting the wants of the moment, and one lives over again some of the earliest of our fancies, and remembers the stories of poetry and fiction, the old trapper of Cooper, the old Highlanders of Scott, the old voyagers and discoverers, and the inimitable Crusoe of our childhood.

The great feature of the higher Alpine levels is that they are utterly unlike everything to which we are accustomed elsewhere. Those who make the ordinary tours in Switzerland survey panoramas of mountain-tops from the Faalhorn, Pilatus, or Aegischorn. They get their ideas of glaciers from a visit to the Jardin or a stroll over the Aletsch, and come home without the dimmest conception of the sensation of passing two or three

days successively in the higher altitudes of the Alps. It is a world in which all the conditions of life are changed, and which has a peculiar character almost impossible to realize. It is not, of course, a question of comparative beauty. The entire Alpine range from the crests of Mont Blanc or Orteler Spitz down to the most distant spur which bathes in the waves of Geneva or Como is exquisitely beautiful, and he is no true lover of mountain scenery who is not alternately delighted by its ever-varying forms, and who is blind to the sacred calm of the lowland plains or the legendary watch-towers of Freiburg or Lucerne. Perhaps as a simple question of perfection of landscape, no Swiss view really equals those of the middle elevation above the Lake of Lucerne. There are scenes which affect us by their beauty, and which delight every sense at once. But in the upper snow-world (if not as truly beautiful) there is a mystery and force which has an overpowering effect upon human nature. It does what Aristotle tells us is the function of tragedy to do, to purify the soul by sympathy and terror. The strangeness and vastness of everything strike on one like a natural portent, as a whirlwind or an earthquake might rouse us and shake off from us everything but the first simple facts of human life. The absolute stillness and absence of all life, animal or vegetable, the sense of solitude lasting all day and day after day, the sense of the infinite, which trampling on continual snow produces, the dazzling effect of perpetual snowfields, the need of constant effort to keep up animal life, the weird extravagance and the vast scale of the ice-shapes, the unnatural freshness of the air, and, above all, the sense of being out of and above the earth, and of looking down over many kingdoms and tracts that make segments in the map of Europe,—these things completely lift a man out of ordinary life, and affect him as solitude in an eastern desert, or in the midst of the Atlantic, on the prairie, or Arctic region, does. We have all often heard and often tried to realize the effect on the imagination and the heart which these scenes are said by all great travellers to produce; how, with a force beyond words, the majesty and mystery of earth then strikes into the beholder; how, with a force beyond words, he feels the native and kingly energy of human nature. This and all that belongs to it,—a sensation as

fresh as Adam's when he woke and for the first time looked out upon the world and asked himself what it was and what he was,—such a sensation comes to us in its full force in the upper Alps, and may be felt by one who but a few hours before was in Paris or London. No one, perhaps, can say how completely this shock can be felt until one has enjoyed a very common incident in mountaineering,—the bivouac at some of the greater heights. It falls to ordinary men rarely to taste the marvellous on this earth so deeply as when camped at night in the midst of one of the loftier snow-fields far above the region of life or vegetation. As one watches the colors of the sunset fade, and peak after peak grow cold and bare, but for some weird lights over the distant ridges, the full mystery of the solitude is borne in upon the mind, and the stillness grows almost intolerable. The total absence of sound, motion, change, or life of any kind, the gradual stiffening of the glacier and the freezing of its streams, the hushing even of the avalanches or the tumbling rock, the bare expanse unstreaked by a cloud, the strange lustre of the stars, the immensity around one staring mutely and unchangeably, and which cannot be shut out, seem quite to possess one with the sense of having ventured into some region of nature which is held spellbound in an unbroken night.

A few weeks of life such as this, thrown into the midst of a laborious or anxious employment, is certainly the most powerful stimulant and reviving influence which it is possible to apply. There is, perhaps, no single mode of making holiday in which a busy man can enjoy it in anything like the perfection, with anything like the readiness, one can when in the Alps. Quite apart from the effect of air, exercise, and enjoyment, physical and mental, this powerful renovation of the natural forces is, perhaps, the most valuable thing to a hard-worked man. Men whose whole lives are passed in brain-work for a short season find themselves realizing the condition of the millions who labor for their daily bread, and whose lives depend on their manual activity. Men whose existence is so utterly artificial that social forms acquire to them the force of laws of nature are suddenly placed in positions where these social forms are as preposterous as they would be in a battle or a shipwreck.

Of the vast number of tourists who visit Switzerland every year, there are few who do not go up to or even upon some of the more famous glaciers; and it is, indeed, strange, that of all these scarcely one in a thousand brings away the slightest notion of what the glaciers of the higher level are like. The true *néve*, such as that which forms the basin of the Aletsch or the Findalen or the Lysjoch, is as much superior in strangeness and vastness to the ordinary ice-falls as the billows of the Atlantic surpass the chopping seas of the Channel. It is only in the grander forms of the *néve* that the glory of the snow-world is revealed. There, indeed, in some huge amphitheatre of mountain ranges not less than twenty or thirty miles in circuit, buttressed by peaks each rising to thirteen or fourteen thousand feet, the sweeps of the ice-sea roll on unbroken, yawning in places into chasms that stretch for miles, each broad and deep enough to engulf a navy. There only the dazzling purity of the true snow-region can be felt, freed from the *debris*, the moraines, the incrustations of the lower glaciers; it is absolutely spotless, and, as far as the eye can reach, without a vestige of any coarser substance than the driven snow. Fanciful as are the contortions of the lower ice-falls, they can give scarcely an idea of the marvels of the true regions of the *néve*. There the whole body of the glacier for miles appears as if, by the craft of some superhuman race, it had been moulded and reared into stupendous castles, palaces, cathedrals, and cities of pure ice,—half ruined, half unfinished,—gorgeous Palmyras, as it were, or Colosseums of crystal; with column piled on column, and arch above arch; buttressed towers, pinnacles, and minarets, porches, corridors, cloisters, and halls, in vista beyond vista lengthening out; transparent lakes of clear water deeply imprisoned amidst towering icebergs; all, from base to crest, blazing with frosted flagree and fretwork; dropping down with frozen festoons, tracery, and shafted stalactites of ice. It is a region in which, by some magic, all that is beautiful and impressive in form seems piled with profuse abundance, and transfigured into every hue of azure and every tone of living light. Not to be looked upon, but to be felt, are these gigantic and dazzling masses as one is engulfed in them, or threads the snow-bridge delicately poised over a chasm, or follows the

unerring instinct of the guide through endless labyrinths and icy ruins.

There is, perhaps, no ground on which the wonderful instinct which long physical training produces can be so perfectly watched—not even in the Deal pilot steering his boat through a gale—as in the superior Alpine guide winding his course across an ice-torrent, following with unerring sagacity the only possible line of track, foreseeing everything, watchful of everything, and fertile in everything. His boldness can be matched only by his patience, and his unwearied providence only by his lightning quickness of eye and hand. There is about the climbing of the higher glaciers such inexhaustible variety of incident and condition. There is a charm in each; but the greatest charm is in their continually changing combinations. Eye, ear, and brain are constantly called into play. There is the perpetual demand for new plans and expedients; ever fresh surprises in the path, the atmosphere, and the scene; successions of strange sights and sounds; the roar of the subglacial river, the ripple of the surface rills, and the plunge of the glacier wells, the boom of the avalanches, and the peal of the glacier rents all day long; the whistling of the hewn fragments down an ice incline; the snow whirlwinds eddying round a windy crest; the white, treacherous storm-cloud, whisked up suddenly from the valley, and again as suddenly torn open, and revealing the whole gleaming panorama as if the curtain of heaven's gate were being drawn back; the cry occasionally of an eagle, or the distant glimmer of a chamois, and every sight and sound, from the most majestic to the most familiar, from the tempest reverberating round the chain of peaks down to the weird blaze of azure light which shoots up from beneath each print of the foot or of the axe.

So great an abundance of material for study and thought is there in the Alps, in the geological, vegetable, and animal worlds, that it would well occupy a life of observation and reading. On the glaciers alone a whole literature, a whole branch of science has been bestowed. As ever-moving and changing agents of vast geological movements, they possess an interest which perhaps no other natural force but volcanoes affords. And whereas volcanoes are singularly capricious and bear hardly any personal ex-

amination, glaciers are, of all the mundane forces, among the most constant and the most accessible. There is something about the ambiguous character of the glaciers—half solid, half fluid—that is very fascinating. There is something so difficult to grasp in the scan of huge tracts of earth, as broad and lofty, perhaps, as one of our English mountain ranges, yet heaving and working with all the ceaseless life of an ocean. To the experienced observer the glacier seems to have its waves, its tides, and its currents, like a sea, both on its surface and down to its basin. In no other mode can be watched the heaving of the earth's crest visibly, and the machinery of geologic change in actual operation. And it is this union of vast extent with movement—of force and vitality—which makes the study of the glacier so ever fresh and so impressive to the merest scrambler as to the man of science.

Glaciers, as is well known, form but one branch of the Alpine studies. The animal branch is naturally the least abundant in material, but in that it possesses the mark of speciality as retaining yet in the midst of Europe some traces of long bygone animal eras. But the vegetation at once affords the matter for first-rate investigation. If other spots in the world offer more extraordinary types, there are, perhaps, no regions in Europe where in so small an area such a varying series of climates and consequently of plants can be seen. But quite apart from the richness or beauty of its flora or its fauna, an Alp offers a peculiar character to all observation. The conditions under which both exist are for the most part so special that both fill the least observant with new interest and the student with new suggestions. There is a poetry and a pathos in an Alpine rose or gentian, as we see it the sole organic thing amidst vast inorganic masses, the sole link of life between us and the most gigantic forms of matter. At home, the brightest of birds or insects scarcely awakens a thought in a summer's walk, but a stout man's heart and even eye may be softened by the sight but of a poor stranded bee, blown forth and shipwrecked amidst those pitiless solitudes.

In all the aerostatic phenomena, the Alps, as is well known, take the first rank as the observatories of science. It is as difficult for the student to fail of new ideas in their midst as for the most heedless tourist to fail to learn

something. The great physical forces form there the very conditions of existence. The veriest scrambler gets to record something of atmospheric facts and changes. And here it is but fair to say that Alpine climbers in general, and the Alpine Club in particular, have given a very useful impulse to popular science, and even in some cases to science proper. It is simply ridiculous to suggest that most of them climb with any scientific purpose, any more than men hunt to improve the breed of horses. But it is the special value of Alpine climbing that it combines a great variety of objects. And whereas some men pursue it for health, for exercise, for mere adventure or enjoyment, for the wonderful exhilaration it affords, for the poetry, for the solemnity and the purity of the emotions it awakens, some find there the richest field for their serious labors, and nearly all find much that gives matter for profitable thought. Indeed, a ground which, if to many it is but one of recreation and rest, has been the scene of the studies of the Saussures the Agassizs, the Beaumonts, the Forbeses, the Tyndals, the Huxleys, the Tschudis, the Studers, the Berlepschs, must be one which has equal promise for every mind and every character.

But it is not, after all, as being rich in science, nor simply as being lovely in scenery, that the Alps are chiefly marked. It is more

that they form, as it were, an epitome of earth, and place before us in the range of a summer day's walk every form of natural object and production in the most striking and immediate contrast. Within a few hours after leaving the most terrible forms of ruin, desolation, and solitude, where no life is found and man can remain but for a few hours, the traveller is in the midst of all the luxuriant loveliness of Italian valleys and lakes, basking in an almost tropical heat, surrounded by the most delicate flowers, ferns, and shrubs, and charmed into mere rest by ever-varied landscapes, softer and more fairy-like than Turner ever drew. Indeed, after some weeks of rough work amidst the glaciers, it is impossible to resist the emotion of grateful delight with which one recognizes the overflowing richness of this earth amidst the sights, the sounds, the perfumes, and the myriad sensations of pleasure with which life on the Italian lakes is full. No one can taste these wholly who has not borne the heat and burden of the day, the toil and cold of the Alpine regions. Then only is one able to see the glory and profusion of Nature as a whole, and to conceive in one act of thought, and feel but as one manifold sensation, all that she has most strange and most beautiful, from the Arctic zone to the tropics.

GENERAL M'CLELLAN has accepted the nomination of the Chicago Convention, but in terms which pledge him as irrevocably as Mr. Lincoln to the preservation of the Union at all hazards. "The existence of more than one government," he says, "over the region which once owned our flag, is incompatible with the peace, the power, and the happiness of the people." He adds,—very significantly to those who have studied the history of those Northern statesmen who have been the tools of the South, "The Union was originally formed for the exercise of a spirit of conciliation and compromise. To restore and preserve it, the same spirit must prevail in our councils and in the hearts of the people." In other words, General M'Clellan is as much of a Unionist at all hazards as Mr. Lincoln; but his method for securing Union is the old one,—prostration before the South. The Baltimore platform pledges Mr. Lincoln to do all in his power to uproot forever the cause of war,—slavery; General M'Clellan is self-pledged to offer any sop to the South it will accept. And it does not strike us as creditable even to the *understanding* of the North, that in such circumstances the Democratic party should have a chance of victory.—*Spectator*, 24 Sept.

Sermons for the People.—By F. D. Huntington, D. D., Plummer Professor of Christian Morals in the College and Preacher to the University at Cambridge, U. S. Arthur Miall.

THESE are in every respect excellent sermons. The style is clear, forcible, and polished, always intelligible at the first glance, putting everything so as to compel attention, and free from false ornament. If it wants those higher beauties which are the fruit of genius, it is only the better sample of university culture; for universities cannot give genius, but can make the most of good sense. Mr. Huntington is also happy in his application of the Gospel to the every-day life of his hearers—to questions peculiarly fitted for pulpit treatment, and yet carefully avoided by most clergymen. Good instances of this are the sermons entitled "Woman's Position," "The Law of the House," "Children,—How to be Received." We must also mention the sermon on the "Divinity of Christ," in which this vital doctrine is admirably put to a Trinitarian congregation; namely, so as to exhibit the proofs of the doctrine without an affectation of argument, which is absurd where there are none to impugn it.—*Spectator*.

HYMN OF TRIUMPH.

ON THE 46TH PSALM.

(COMPOSED A. D. 1530.)

God is the city of our strength !
 Our hearts exulting, cry ;
 He is our bulwark and defence,—
 Our arms for victory ;
 He helps our souls through each distress
 That meets us in the wilderness.

Satan, the old malignant foe,
 Now works, with purposed mind, our woe ;
 Perfidious cunning, fiendish might,
 He bears as weapons for the fight ;
 Whilst equal, none on earth has he,
 To struggle for the mastery.

By human strength and human skill
 No worthy wreaths are won ;
 Abandoned to ourselves, we sink
 In wretchedness undone.
 Yet in our cause a Champion stands,
 A Champion true is he,
 Whom God hath chosen for the fight,
 Our Lord and Chief to be.
 Say, dost thou ask his peerless name ?
 Jesus our conquering King we claim ;
 Lord of Sabaoth !—God alone,
 And he must hold the field his arm hath won.

What though the hosts of Satan stand
 In gathering legions through the land,
 Prepared to raise the victor's cry,
 And whelm our souls in misery ;
 Yet fear we not the vaunting foe,
 Our conquering band shall forward go.

Prince of this world ! thy hellish rage
 Shall ne'er our steadfast zeal assuage ;
 Thy power is fixed by Heaven's decree.
 And here its ragings cease to be.
 Thy boast is vain ; a breath—a word
 Subdues thee,—'tis the Spirit's sword.

The word of truth unhurt shall stand,
 In spite of every foe ;
 The Lord himself is on our side,
 And he will help bestow.
 His spirit's might, his gifts of grace,
 Are with us at the needful place.

What though they take our lives away,
 Our lives we offer for a prey ;
 Though wealth and weal and fortune go,
 And wife and friends depart,—
 With all the tenderest ties that throw
 Their magic round the heart ;
 And though the spoilers haste away,
 And bear our treasures hence,
 Since man is but a child of clay,
 And heir of impotence,—
 It boots them not, their boast is vain,
 Their promised trophies fall ;
 Whilst, to the Christian, loss is gain,
 And heaven outvalues all.
 A glorious kingdom yet shall be
 His heritage of bliss, to all eternity.

Honor and praise to God most high,
 The author of all grace,
 Whose love has sent us from the sky
 His Son—to save our race.
 And to the Comforter of men,
 Let songs of praise be given ;
 He draws us from the ways of sin,
 And calls us home to heaven.
 Full well he knows that upward road,
 And joyfully he guides our pilgrim feet to God.
 Amen. LUTHER.

TRUTH'S CONFLICT.

THE bravest of the brave is he
 Who battles for beleaguered Truth,
 And springs to set the captive free,
 Though falling, he find little ruth ;
 And when the bolts of wrong are hurled,
 Defends the right and dares the world.

No faltering hand or recreant heart,
 That halts to parley with the foe,
 And plays the poltroon's dastard part,
 Will Error's legions overthrow ;
 Here conquest crowns none but the brave,
 Who fights to free, and falls to save.

Yet courage here brings no reward,
 Here wounds no clasps of honor win ;
 More often does the world's regard
 Hail with acclaim successful Sin,
 And slights with scornful flaunt the man
 Who in Truth's battle leads the van.

A silent, friendless conflict this,
 Ungreeted by a single cheer,
 Though oft it stirs the coward hiss,
 That heralds Folly's rising fear,
 And tells the coming conquest nigh,
 When Truth shall live and Falsehood die.

No pomp or circumstance of war,
 No bugle's blast or rattling drum,
 Sound its loud tocsin near or far,
 To bid Truth's glittering squadrons come,
 To close in the unhonored fight
 That drives back Error into night.

Who conquers here must stand alone,
 A Prince among the sons of men,
 Content to win a future throne,
 If he would reign in triumph then,
 And face, unmoved, the fiery strife,
 In which Death grasps the Crown of Life.

Soldier of Truth ! thy spirit nerve,
 Nor, though the timid good forsake,
 Do thou from thy high purpose swerve,
 For Error 'tis dies at the stake,
 And where the martyr's ashes lie,
 Truth lifts the shout of victory.

STEPHEN JENNER.

—Fraser's Magazine.

CHAPTER IV.

THE HERO.

"And which is Lucy's? Can it be
That puny fop, armed *cap-a-pie*,
Who loves in the saloon to show
The arms that never knew a foe?"—SCOTT.

"My lady's compliments, ma'am, and she would be much obliged if you would remain till she comes home," was Coombe's reception of Alison. "She is gone to Avonchester with Master Temple and Master Francis."

"Gone to Avonchester!" exclaimed Rachel, who had walked from church to Myrtlewood with Alison.

"Mamma is gone to meet the major!" cried three of the lesser boys, rushing upon them in full cry; then Leoline, facing round, "Not the major, he is lieutenant-colonel now, —Colonel Keith, hurrah!"

"What—what do you mean? Speak rationally, Leoline, if you can."

"My lady sent a note to the Homestead this morning," exclaimed Coombe. "She heard this morning that Colonel Keith intended to arrive to-day, and took the young gentlemen with her to meet him."

Rachel could hardly refrain from manifesting her displeasure, and bluntly asked what time Lady Temple was likely to be at home.

"It depended," Coombe said, "upon the train; it was not certain whether Colonel Keith would come by the twelve or the two o'clock train."

And Rachel was going to turn sharply round, and dash home with the tidings, when Alison arrested her with the question,—

"And who is Colonel Keith?"

Rachel was too much wrapped up in her own view to hear the trembling of the voice, and answered, "Colonel Keith! why, the major! You have not been here so long without hearing of the major?"

"Yes; but I did not know. Who is he?"

And a more observant person would have seen the governess's gasping effort to veil her eagerness under her wonted self-control.

"Don't you know who the major is?" shouted Leoline. "He is our military secretary."

"That's the sum-total of my knowledge," said Rachel. "I don't understand his influence, nor know where he was picked up."

"Nor his regiment?"

"He is not a regimental officer, he is on our staff," said Leoline, whose imagination

could not attain to an earlier condition than "on our staff."

"I shall go home then," said Rachel, "and see if there is any explanation there."

"I shall ask the major not to let Aunt Rachel come here," observed Hubert as she departed; it was well it was not before.

"Leoline," anxiously asked Alison, "can you tell me the major's name?"

"Colonel Keith,—Lieutenant Colonel Keith," was all the answer.

"I meant his Christian name, my dear."

"Only little boys have Christian names!" they returned, and Alison was forced to do her best to tame herself and them to the duties of the long day of anticipation so joyous on their part, so full of confusion and bewildered anxiety on her own. It was fear that predominated with her; there were many moments when she would have given worlds to be secure that the new-comer was not the man she thought of, who, whether constant or inconstant, could bring nothing but pain and disturbance to the calm tenor of her sister's life. Everything was an oppression to her; the children, in their wild, joyous spirits and glad some inattention, tried her patience almost beyond her powers; the charge of the younger ones in their mother's absence was burdensome, and the delay in returning to her sister became well-nigh intolerable, when she figured to herself Rachel Curtis going down to Ermine with the tidings of Colonel Keith's arrival, and her own discontent at his influence with her cousin. Would that she had spoken a word of warning! yet that might have been merely mischievous, for the subject was surely too delicate for Rachel to broach with so recent a friend. But Rachel had bad taste for anything! That the little boys did not find Miss Williams very cross that day was an effect of the long habit of self-control, and she could hardly sit still under the additional fret, when just as tea was spread for the schoolroom party, in walked Miss Rachel, and sat herself down, in spite of Hubert, who made up a most coaxing, entreating face as he said, "Please, Aunt Rachel, doesn't Aunt Grace want you very much?"

"Not at all. Why, Hubert?"

"Oh, if you would only go away, and not spoil our fun when the major comes!"

For once Rachel did laugh; but she did not take the hint, and Alison obtained only

the satisfaction of hearing that she had at least not been in Mackarel Lane. The wheels sounded on the gravel; out rushed the boys; Alison and Rachel sat in strange, absolute silence, each forgetful of the other, neither guarding her own looks, nor remarking her companion's. Alison's lips were parted by intent listening; Rachel's teeth were set to receive her enemy. There was a chorus of voices in the hall, and something about tea and coming in warned both to gather up their looks before Lady Temple had opened the door, and brought in upon them not one foe, but two! Was Rachel seeing double? Hardly that, for one was tall, bald, and bearded, not dangerously young, but on that very account the more dangerously good looking; and the other was almost a boy, slim and light, just of the empty young officer type. Here, too, was Fanny, flushed, excited, prettier and brighter than Rachel had seen her at all, waving an introduction with head and hand; and the boys hanging round the major with deafening exclamations of welcome, in which they were speedily joined by the nursery detachment. Those greetings, those observations on growth and looks, those glad, eager questions and answers, were like the welcome of an integral part of the family; it was far more intimate and familiar than had been possible with the Curtises after the long separation, and it was enough to have made the two spectators feel out of place, if such a sensation had been within Rachel's capacity, or if Alison had not been engaged with the tea. Lady Temple made a few explanations, *sotto voce*, to Alison, whom she always treated as though in dread of not being sufficiently considerate. "I do hope the children have been good; I knew you would not mind; I could not wait to see you, or I should have been too late to meet the train, and then he would have come by the coach; and it is such a raw east wind. He must be careful in this climate."

"How warm and sunshiny it has been all day!" said Rachel, by way of opposition to some distant echo of this whisper.

"Sunshiny, but treacherous," answered Colonel Keith; "there are cold gusts round corners. This must be a very sheltered nook of the coast."

"Quite a different zone from Avonchester," said the youth.

"Yes, delightful. I told you it was just what would suit you," added Fanny to the colonel.

"Some winds are very cold here," interposed Rachel. "I always pity people who are imposed upon to think it a Mentone near home. They are choking our churchyard."

"Very inconsiderate of them," muttered the young man.

"But what made you come home so late, Fanny?" said Rachel.

Alison suspected a slight look of wonder on the part of both the officers at hearing their general's wife thus called to account; but Fanny, taking it as a matter of course, answered, "We found that the —th was at Avonchester. I had no idea of it, and they did not know I was here; so I went to call on Mrs. Hammond, and Colonel Keith went to look for Alick, and we have brought him home to dine."

Fanny took it for granted that Rachel must know who Alick was; but she was far from doing so, though she remembered that the —th had been her uncle's regiment, and had been under Sir Stephen Temple's command in India at the time of the mutiny. The thought of Fanny's lapsing into military society was shocking to her. The boys were vociferating about boats, ponies, and all that had been deferred till the major's arrival, and he was answering them kindly, but hushing the extra outcry less by word than sign; and his own lowered voice and polished manner,—a manner that excessively chafed her as a sort of insult to the blunt, rapid ways that she considered as sincere and unaffected, a silkiness that no doubt had worked on the honest, simple general, as it was now working on the weak young widow. Anything was better than leaving her to such influence, and in pursuance of the intention that Rachel had already announced at home, she invited herself to stay to dinner; and Fanny eagerly thanked her, for making it a little less dull for Colonel Keith and Alick. It was so good to come down and help. Certainly Fanny was an innocent creature, provided she was not spoiled, and it was a duty to guard her innocence."

Alison Williams escaped to her home, sure of nothing but that her sister must not be allowed to share her uncertainties; and Lady Temple and her guests sat down to dinner. Rachel meant to have sat at the

bottom and carved, as belonging to the house ; but Fanny motioned the colonel to the place, observing, "It is so natural to see you there ! One only wants poor Captain Dent at the other end. Do you know whether he has his leave ?"

Wherewith commenced a discussion of military friends,—who had been heard of from Australia, who had been met in England, who was promoted, who married, who retired, etc., and all the quarters of the —th since its return from India two years ago, Fanny eagerly asking questions and making remarks, quite at home and all animation, absolutely a different being from the subdued, meek little creature that Rachel had hitherto seen. Attempts were made to include Miss Curtis in the conversation by addressing anecdotes to her, and asking if she knew the places named ; but she had been to none, and the three old friends quickly fell into the swing of talk about what interested them. Once, however, she came down on them with, "What conclusion have you formed upon female emigration ?"

"His sister she went beyond the seas, And died an old maid among black savages." That's the most remarkable instance of female emigration on record ; isn't it ?" observed Alick.

"What,—her dying an old maid ?" said Colonel Keith. "I am not sure. Wholesale exportations of wives are spoiling the market."

"I did not mean marriage," said Rachel, stoutly. "I am particularly anxious to know whether there is a field open to independent female labor."

"All the superior young women seemed to turn nursery-maids," said the colonel.

"Oh," interposed Fanny, "do you remember that nice girl of ours who *would* marry that Orderly-Sergeant O'Donoghoe ? I have had a letter from her in such distress."

"Of course, the natural termination," said Alick, in his lazy voice.

"And I thought you would tell me how to manage sending her some help," proceeded Fanny.

"I could have helped you, Fanny. Wont an order do it ?"

"Not quite," said Fanny, a shade of a smile playing on her lip. "It is whether to send it through one of the officers or not.

If Captain Lee is with the regiment, I know he would take care of it for her."

So they plunged into another regiment, and Rachel decided that nothing was so wearisome as to hear triflers talk shop.

There was no opportunity of calling Fanny to order after dinner ; for she went off on her progress to all the seven cribs, and was only just returning from them when the gentlemen came in, and then she made room for the younger beside her on the sofa, saying, "Now, Alick, I do so want to hear about poor, dear little Bessie ;" and they began so low and confidentially that Rachel wondered if her alarms were to be transferred from the bearded colonel to the dapper boy, or if, in very truth, she must deem poor Fanny a general coquette. Besides, a man must be contemptible who wore gloves at so small a party, when she did not.

She had been whiling away the time of Fanny's absence by looking over the books on the table, and she did not regard the present company sufficiently to desist on their account. Colonel Keith began to turn over some numbers of the *Traveller* that lay near him, and presently looked up, and said, "Do you know who is the writer of this ?"

"What is it ? Ah ! one of the Invalid's essays. They strike every one ; but I fancy the authorship is a great secret."

"You do not know it ?"

"No ; I wish I did. Which of them are you reading ? 'Country Walks.' That is not one that I care about ; it is a mere hash of old recollections ; but there are some very sensible and superior ones, so that I have heard it sometimes doubted whether they are man's or woman's writing. For my part, I think them too earnest to be a man's ; men always play with their subject."

"Oh, yes," said Fanny, "I am sure only a lady could have written anything so sweet as that about flowers in a sick-room ; it so put me in mind of the lovely flowers you used to bring me one at a time, when I was ill at Cape Town."

There was no more sense to be had after those three once fell upon their reminiscences.

That night, after having betrayed her wakefulness by a movement in her bed, Alison Williams heard her sister's voice, low and steady, saying, "Ailie, dear, be it what it may, guessing is worse than certainty."

"Oh, Ermine, I hoped—I know nothing—I have nothing to tell."

"You dread something," said Ermine: "you have been striving for unconcern all the evening, my poor dear; but surely you know, Ailie, that nothing is so bad while we share it."

"And I have frightened you about nothing."

"Nothing! nothing about Edward?"

"Oh, no, no!"

"And no one has made you uncomfortable?"

"No."

"Then there is only one thing that it can be, Ailie, and you need not fear to tell me that. I always knew that if he lived I must be prepared for it, and you would not have hesitated to tell me of his death."

"It is not that, indeed, it is not, Ermine! It is only this,—that I found to-day that Lady Temple's major has the same name."

"But you said she was come home. You must have seen him."

"Yes, but I should not know him. I had only seen him once, remember, twelve years ago, and when I durst not look at him."

"At least," said Ermine, quickly, "you can tell me what you saw to-day."

"A Scotch face, bald head, dark beard, grizzled hair."

"Yes, I am gray, and he was five years older; but he used not to have a Scotch face. Can you tell me about his eyes?"

"Dark, I think."

"They were very dark blue, almost black. Time and climate must have left them alone. You may know him by those eyes, Ailie. And you could not make out anything about him?"

"No, not even his Christian name nor his regiment. I had only the little ones and Miss Rachel to ask, and they knew nothing. I wanted to keep this from you till I was sure; but you always find me out."

"Do you think I couldn't see the misery you were in all the evening, poor child? But now you have had it out, sleep, and don't be distressed."

"But, Ermine, if you"—

"My dear, I am thankful that nothing is amiss with you or Edward. For the rest, there is nothing but patience. Now, not another word; you must not lose your sleep, nor take away my chance."

How much the sisters slept they did not

confide to one another; but when they rose, Alison shook her head at her sister's heavy eyelids, and Ermine retorted with a reproachful smile at certain dark tokens of sleeplessness under Alison's eyes.

"No, not the flowered flimsiness, please," she said, in the course of her toilet, "let me have the respectable gray silk." And next she asked for a drawer, whence she chose a little Nuremberg horn brooch for her neck. "I know it is very silly," she said, "but I can't quite help it. Only one question, Ailie, that I thought of too late. Did he hear your name?"

"I think not, Lady Temple named nobody. But why did you not ask me last night?"

"I thought beginning to talk again would destroy your chance of sleep, and we had resolved to stop."

"And, Ermine, if it be, what shall I do?" "Do as you feel right at the moment," said Ermine, after a moment's pause. "I cannot tell how it may be. I have been thinking over what you told me about 'the major' and Lady Temple."

"Oh, Ermine, what a reproof this is for that bit of gossip!"

"Not at all, my dear, the warning may be all the better for me," said Ermine, with voice far less steady than her words. "It is not what, under the circumstances, I could think likely in the Colin whom I knew; but were it indeed so, then, Ailie, you had better say nothing about me unless he found you out. We would get employment elsewhere."

"And I must leave you to the suspense all day."

"Much better so. The worst thing we could do would be to go on talking about it. It is far better for me to be left with my dear little unconscious companion."

Alison tried to comfort herself with this belief through the long hours of the morning, during which she only heard that mamma and Colonel Keith were gone to the Homestead, and she saw no one till she came forth with her troop to the midday meal.

And there at sight of Lady Temple's content and calm, satisfied look, as though she were once more in an accustomed atmosphere, and felt herself and the boys protected, and of the colonel's courteous attention to her and affectionate authority towards her sons, it was an absolute pang to recognize the hue of eye described by Ermine; but still Alison tried to think them generic Keith eyes, till

at length, amid the merry chatter of her pupils, came an appeal to "Miss Williams," and then came a look that thrilled through her, the same glance that she had met for one terrible moment twelve years before, and renewing the same longing to shrink from all sight or sound. How she kept her seat and continued to attend to the children she never knew, but the voices sounded like a distant Babel; and she did not know whether she were most relieved, disappointed, or indignant when she left the dining-room to take the boys for their walk. Oh that Ermine could be hid from all knowledge of what would be so much harder to bear than the death in which she had long believed.

Harder to bear! Yes, Ermine had already been passing through a heart-sickness that made the morning like an age. Her resolute will had struggled hard for composure, cheerfulness, and occupation; but the little watchful niece had seen through the endeavor, and had made her own to the sleepless night and the headache. The usual remedy was a drive in a wheeled chair, and Rose was so urgent to be allowed to go and order one, that Ermine at last yielded, partly because she had hardly energy enough to turn her refusal graciously, partly because she would not feel herself staying at home for the vague hope; and when the child was out of sight, she had the comfort of clasping her hands, and ceasing to restrain her countenance, while she murmured, "Oh, Colin, Colin, are you what you were twelve years back? Is this all dream, all delusion, and waste of feeling, while you are lying in your Indian grave, more mine than you can ever be living! Be it as it may,—

"Calm me, my God, and keep me calm
While these hot breezes blow;
Be like the night dew's cooling balm
Upon earth's fevered brow.
Calm me, my God, and keep me calm,
Soft resting on thy breast:
Soothe me with holy hymn and psalm,
And bid my spirit rest."

CHAPTER V. MILITARY SOCIETY.

"My trust
Like a good parent did beget of him
A falsehood in its contrary as great
As my trust was, which had indeed no limit."
TEMPEST.

ROSE found the wheeled chair to which her aunt gave the preference was engaged,
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and shaking her little discreet head at "the shaky chair" and "the stuffy chair," she turned pensively homeward, and was speeding down Mackarel Lane, when she was stayed by the words, "My little girl!" and the grandest and most bearded gentleman she had ever seen demanded, "Can you tell me if Miss Williams lives here?"

"My aunt?" exclaimed Rose, gazing up with her pretty, frightened fawn look.

"Indeed!" he exclaimed, looking eagerly at her, "then you are the child of a very old friend of mine! Did you never hear him speak of his old schoolfellow, Colin Keith?"

"Papa is away," said Rose, turning back her neck to get a full view of his face from under the brim of her hat.

"Will you run on and ask your aunt if she would like to see me?" he added.

Thus it was that Ermine heard the quick patter of the child's steps, followed by the manly tread, and the words sounded in her ears, "Aunt Ermine, there's a gentleman, and he has a great beard, and he says he is papa's old friend! And here he is."

Ermine's beaming eyes as absolutely met the new-comer as though she had sprung forward. "I thought you would come!" she said, in a voice serene with exceeding bliss.

"I have found you at last!" as their hands clasped; and they gazed into each other's faces in the untroubled repose of the meeting, exclusive of all else.

Ermine was the first to break the silence.

"Oh, Colin, you look worn and altered!"

"You don't; you have kept your sunbeam face for me with the dear brown glow I never thought to have seen again. Why did they tell me you were an invalid, Ermine?"

"Have you not seen Alison?" she asked, supposing he would have known all.

"I saw her, but did not hear her name till just now at luncheon, when our looks met, and I saw it was not another disappointment."

"And she knows you are come to me?"

"It was not in me to speak to her till I had recovered you! One can forgive, but not forget."

"You will do more when you know her, and how she has only lived and worked for me, dear Ailie, and suffered far more than I"—

"While I was suffering from being unable to do anything but live for you," he repeated,

taking up her words; "but that is ended now—" and as she made a negative motion of her head, "have you not trusted to me?"

"I have thought you not living," she said; "the last I know was your letter to dear Lady Alison, written from the hospital at Cape Town, after your wound. She was ill even when it came, and she could only give it to Ailie for me!"

"Dear good aunt, she got into trouble with all the family for our sake; and when she was gone no one *would* give me any tidings of you."

"It was her last disappointment that you were not sent home on sick leave. Did you get well too fast?"

"Not exactly; but my father, or rather, I believe, my brother, intimated that I should be welcome only if I had laid aside a certain foolish fancy, and as lying on my back had not conduced to that end, I could only say I would stay where I was."

"And was it worse for you? I am sure, in spite of all that tanned skin, that your health has suffered. Ought you to have come home?"

"No, I do not know that London surgeons could have got at the ball," he said, putting his hand on his chest, "and it gives me no trouble in general. I was such a spectacle when I returned to duty that good old Sir Stephen Temple, always a proverb for making his staff a refuge for the infirm, made me his aide-de-camp, and was like a father to me."

"Now I see why I never could find your name in any list of the officers in the moves of the regiment! I gave you quite up when I saw no Keith among those that came home from India. I did believe then that you were the Colonel Alexander Keith whose death I had seen mentioned, though I had long trusted to his not being honorable, nor having your first name."

"Ah! he succeeded to the command after Lady Temple's father. A kind friend to me he was, and he left me in charge of his son and daughter. A very good and gallant fellow is that young Alick. I must bring him to see you some day"—

"Oh! I saw his name; I remember! I gloried in the doings of a Keith; but I was afraid he had died, as there was no such name with the regiment when it came home."

"No, he was almost shattered to pieces; but Sir Stephen sent him up the hills to be

nursed by Lady Temple and her mother, and he was sent home as soon as he could be moved. I was astonished to see how entirely he had recovered."

"Then you went through all that Indian war?"

"Yes, with Sir Stephen."

"You must show me all your medals! How much you have to tell me! And then"—

"Just when the regiment was coming home, my dear old chief was appointed to the command in Australia, and insisted on my coming with him as military secretary. He had come to depend on me so much that I could not well leave him; and five years there was the way to promotion and to claiming you at once. We were just settled there, when what I heard made me long to have decided otherwise; but I could not break with him then. I wrote to Edward, but had my letter returned to me."

"No wonder; Edward was abroad, all connection broken."

"I wrote to Beauchamp, and he knew nothing, and I could only wait till my chief's time should be up. You know how it was cut short, and how the care of the poor little widow detained me till she was fit for the voyage. I came and sought you in vain in town. I went home, and found my brother lonely and despirited. He has lost his son, his daughters are married, and he and I are all the brothers left out of the six! He was urgent that I should come and live with him and marry, I told him I would, with all my heart, when I had found you, and he saw I was too much in earnest to be opposed. Then I went to Beauchamp; but Harry knew nothing about any one. I tried to find out your sister and Dr. Long, but heard they were gone to Belfast."

"Yes, they lost a good deal in the crash, and did not like retrenching among their neighbors: so they went to Ireland, and there they have a flourishing practice."

"I thought myself on my way there," he said smiling; "only I had first to settle Lady Temple, little guessing who was her treasure of a governess! Last night I had nearly opened on another false scent; I fell in with a description that I could have sworn was yours, of the heather behind the parsonage. I made a note of the publisher in case all else had failed."

"I'm glad you knew the scent of the thyme!"

"Then it was no false scent?"

"One must live, and I was thankful to do anything to lighten Allie's burden. I wrote down that description that I might live in the place in fancy; and one day, when the contribution was wanted and I was hard up for ideas, I sent it, though I was loath to lay open that bit of home and heart."

"Well it might give me the sense of meeting you! And in other papers of the series I traced your old self more ripened."

"The editor was a friend of Edward's, and in our London days he asked me to write letters on things in general, and when I said I saw the world through a key-hole, he answered that a circumscribed view gained in distinctness. Most kind and helpful he has been, and what began between sport and need to say out one's mind has come to be a resource for which we are very thankful. He sends us books for reviewal, and that is pleasant and improving, not to say profitable."

"Little did I think you were in such straits!" he said, stroking the child's head, and waiting as though her presence were a restraint on inquiries; but she eagerly availed herself of the pause. "Aunt Ermine, please what shall I say about the chairs? Will you have the nice one and Billy when they come home? I was to take the answer, only you did talk so that I could not ask!"

"Thank you, my dear; I don't want chairs nor anything else while I can talk so," she answered, smiling. "You had better take a run in the garden when you come back;" and Rose replied with a nod of assent that made the colonel smile and say, "Good-by, then, my sweet Lady Discretion, some day we will be better acquainted."

"Dear child," said Ermine, "she is our great blessing, and some day I trust will be the same to her dear father. Oh, Colin! it is too much to hope that you have not believed what you must have heard! And yet you wrote to him."

"Nay, I could not but feel great distrust of what I heard, since I was always told that his sisters were unconvinced; and besides, I had continually seen him at school the victim of other people's faults."

"This is best of all," exclaimed Ermine, with glistening eyes, and hand laid upon his; "it is the most comfortable word I have

heard since it happened. Yes, indeed, many a time before I saw you, had I heard of 'Keith' as the friend who saw him righted. Oh, Colin! thanks, thanks for believing in him more than for all!"

"Not believing, but knowing," he answered,—“knowing both you and Edward. Besides, is it not almost invariable that the inventor is ruined by his invention,—a Prospero by nature?"

"It was not the invention," she answered; "that throve as long as my father lived."

"Yes, he was an excellent man of business."

"And he thought the concern so secure that there was no danger in embarking all the available capital of the family in it; and it did bring us in a very good income."

"I remember that it struck me that the people at home would find that they had made a mistake after all, and missed a fortune for me! It was an invention for diminishing the fragility of glass under heat; was it not?"

"Yes, and the manufacturer was very prosperous, so that my father was quite at ease about us. After his death we made a home for Edward in London, and looked after him when he used to be smitten with some new idea and forgot all sublunary matters. When he married, we went to live at Richmond, and had his dear little wife very much with us; for she was a delicate, tender creature, half killed by London. In process of time he fell in with a man named Maddox, plausible and clever, who became a sort of manager, especially while Edward was in his trances of invention; and at all times knew more about his accounts than he did himself. Nothing but my father's authority had ever made him really look into them, and this man took them all off his hands. There was a matter about the glass that Edward was bent on ascertaining, and he went to study the manufacture in Bohemia, taking his wife with him, and leaving Rose with us. Shortly after, Dr. Long and Harry Beauchamp received letters asking for a considerable advance, to be laid out on the materials that this improvement would require. Immediately afterwards came the crash."

"Exactly what I heard. Of course the letters were written in ignorance of what was impending."

"Colin, they were never written at all by Edward! He denied all knowledge of them. Alison saw Dr. Long's, most ingeniously

managed,—foreign paper and all,—but she could swear to the forgery” —

“You suspect this Maddox?”

“Most strongly! He knew the state of the business: Edward did not. And he had a correspondence that would have enabled so ingenious a person easily to imitate Edward's letters. I do not wonder at their having been taken in; but how Julia,—how Harry Beauchamp could believe—what they do believe! Oh, Colin! it will not do to think about it!”

“Oh that I had been at home! Were no measures taken?”

“Alas, alas! we urged Edward to come home and clear himself; but that poor little wife of his was terrified beyond measure, imagined prisons and trials. She was unable to move, and he could not leave her; she took from him an unhappy promise not to put himself in what she fancied danger from the law, and then died, leaving him a baby that did not live a day. He was too broken-hearted to care for vindicating himself, and no one—no one would do it for him!”

Colonel Keith frowned and clinched the hand that lay in his grasp till it was absolute pain, but pain that was a relief to feel. “Madness, madness!” he said. “Miserable! But how was it at home? Did this Maddox stand his ground?”

“Yes; if he had fled, all would have been clear, but he doctored the accounts his own way, and quite satisfied Dr. Long and Harry. He showed Edward's receipt for the £600 that had been advanced, and besides, there was a large sum not accounted for, which was of course supposed to have been invested abroad by Edward,—some said gambled away,—as if he had not had a regular hatred of all sorts of games.”

“Edward with his head in the clouds! One notion is as likely as the other. Then absolutely nothing was done!”

“Nothing! The bankruptcy was declared, the whole affair broken up; and certainly if every one had not known Edward to be the most heedless of men, the confusion would have justified them in thinking him a dishonest one. Things had been done in his name by Maddox that might have made a stranger think him guilty of the rest; but to those who had ever known his abstraction, and far more his real honor and uprightness, nothing could have been plainer.”

“It all turned upon his absence.”

“Yes, he must have borne the brunt of what had been done in his name, I know; that would have been bad enough; but in a court of justice, his whole character would have been shown, and besides a prosecution for forgery of his receipt would have shown what Maddox was, sufficiently to exculpate him.”

“And you say the losers by the deception would not believe in it?”

“No, they only shook their heads at our weak sisterly affection.”

“I wish I could see one of those letters! Where is Maddox now?”

“I cannot tell. He certainly did not go away immediately after the settlement of accounts, but it has not been possible to us to keep up a knowledge of his movements, or something might have turned up to justify Edward. Oh, what it is to be helpless women! You are the very first person, Colin, who has not looked at me pityingly, like a creature to be forborne with in an undeniable delusion!”

“They must be very insolent people, then, to look at that brow and eyes, and think even sisterly love could blind them,” he said. “Yes, Ermine, I was certain that unless Edward were more changed than I could believe, there must be some such explanation. You have never seen him since.”

“No; he was too utterly broken by the loss of his wife to feel anything else. For a long time we heard nothing, and that was the most dreadful time of all! Then he wrote from a little German town, where he was getting his bread as a photographer's assistant. And since that he has cast about the world, till just now he has some rather interesting employment at the mines in the Oural Mountains, the first thing he has really seemed to like or care for.”

“The Oural Mountains? that is out of reach! I wish I could see him. One might find some means of clearing him. What directed your suspicion to Maddox?”

“Chiefly that the letters professed to have been sent in a parcel to him to be posted from the office. If it had been so, Edward and Lucy would certainly have written to us at the same time. I could have shown, too, that Maddox had written to me the day before to ascertain where Edward was, so as to be sure of the date. It was a little country village, and I made a blunder in copying the

spelling from Lucy's writing. Allie found that very blunder repeated in Dr. Long's letter, and we showed him that Edward did not write it so. Besides, before going abroad, Edward had lost the seal-ring with his crest, which you gave him. You remember the Saxon's head?"

"I remember! You all took it much to heart that the engraver had made it a Saracen's head, and not a long-haired Saxon."

"Well, Edward had renewed the ring, and taken care to make it a Saxon. Now Allie could get no one to believe her, but she is certain that the letter was sealed with the old Saracen, not the new Saxon. But—but—if you had but been there!"

"Tell me you wished for me, Ermine."

"I durst not wish anything about you," she said, looking up through a mist of tears.

"And you, what fixed you here?"

"An old servant of ours had married and settled here, and had written to us of her satisfaction in finding that the clergyman was from Hereford. We thought he would recommend Allie as daily governess to visitors, and that Sarah would be a comfortable landlady. It has answered very well; Rose deserves her name far more than when we brought her here, and it is wonderful how much better I have been since doctors have become a mere luxury!"

"Do you, can you really mean that you are supporting yourselves?"

"All but twenty-five pounds a year, from a legacy to us, that Mr. Beauchamp would not let them touch. But it has been most remarkable, Colin," she said, with the dew in her eyes, "how we have never wanted our daily bread, and how happy we have been! If it had not been for Edward, this would in many ways have been our happiest time. Since the old days the little frets have told less, and Allie has been infinitely happier and brighter since she has had to work instead of only to watch me. Ah, Colin! must I not own to having been happy? Indeed, it was very much because peace had come when the suspense had sunk into belief that I might think of you as—, where you would not be grieved by the sight of what I am now."

As she spoke, a knock, not at the house, but at the room-door, made them both start, and impel their chairs to a more ordinary distance, just as Rachel Curtis made her en-

trance, extremely amazed to find, not Mr. Touchett, but a much greater foe and rival in that unexpected quarter. Ermine, the least disconcerted, was the first to speak. "You are surprised to find a visitor here," she said, "and indeed only now did we find out that 'our military secretary,' as your little cousins say, was our dear old squire's nephew."

There was a ring of gladness in the usually patient voice that struck even Rachel, though she was usually too eager to be observant; but she was still unready with talk for the occasion, and Ermine continued, "We had heard so much of the major beforehand that we had a sort of Jupiter-like expectation of the coming man. I am not sure that I shall not go on expecting a mythic major!"

Rachel, never understanding playfulness, thought this both audacious and unnecessary, and if it had come from any one else, would have administered a snub; but she felt the invalid sacred from her weapons.

"Have you ever seen the boys?" asked Colonel Keith. "I am rather proud of Conrade, my pupil; he is so chivalrous towards his mother."

"Alison has brought down a division or two to show me. How much alike they are!"

"Exactly alike, and excessively unruly and unmanageable," said Rachel. "I pity your sister."

"More unmanageable in appearance than in reality," said the colonel; "there's always a little trial of strength against the hand over them, and they yield when they find it is really a hand. They were wonderfully good and considerate when it was an object to keep the house quiet."

Rachel would not encourage him to talk of Lady Temple, so she turned to Ermine on the business that had brought her, a collecting and adapting of old clothes for emigrants. It was not exactly gentlemen's pastime, and Ermine tried to put it aside and converse; but Rachel never permitted any petty consideration to interfere with a useful design, and as there was a press of time for the things, she felt herself justified in driving the intruder off the field and outstaying him. She succeeded; he recollected the desire of the boys that he should take them to inspect the pony at the "Jolly Mariner," and took leave with—"I shall see you to-morrow."

"You knew him all the time!" exclaimed Rachel, pausing in her unfolding of the Master Temples' ship wardrobe. "Why did you not say so?"

"We did not hear his name. He was always the 'major.'"

"Who, and what is he?" demanded Rachel, as she knelt before her victim, fixing those great prominent eyes, so like those of Red Riding Hood's grandmother, that Ermine involuntarily gave a backward impulse to her wheeled chair, as she answered the readiest thing that occurred to her—

"He is youngest brother to Lord Keith of Gowanbrae."

"Oh," said Rachel, kneeling on meditatively, "that accounts for it. So much the worse. The staff is made up of idle honorables."

"Quoth the *Times*!" replied Ermine; "but his appointment began on account of a wound, and went on because of his usefulness"—

"Wounded! I don't like wounded heroes," said Rachel; "people make such a fuss with them that they always get spoiled."

"This was nine years ago, so you may forget it if you like," said Ermine, diversion suppressing displeasure.

"And what is your opinion of him?" said Rachel, edging forward on her knees, so as to bring her inquisitorial eyes to bear more fully.

"I had not seen him for twelve years," said Ermine, rather faintly.

"He must have had a formed character when you saw him last. The twelve years before five-and-forty don't alter the nature."

"Five-and-forty! Illness and climate have told; but I did not think it was so much. He is only thirty-six"—

"That is not what I care about," said Rachel; "you are both of you so cautious that you tell me what amounts to nothing! You should consider how important it is to me to know something about the person in whose power my cousin's affairs are left."

"Have you not sufficient guarantee in the very fact of her husband's confidence?"

"I don't know. A simple-hearted old soldier always means a very foolish old man."

"Witness the Newcomes," said Ermine, who, besides her usual amusement in tracing Rachel's dicta to their source, could only keep in her indignation by laughing.

"General observation," said Rachel, not to be turned from her purpose. "I am not foolishly suspicious, but it is not pleasant to see great influence and intimacy without some knowledge of the person exercising it."

"I think," said Ermine, bringing herself with difficulty to answer quietly, "that you can hardly understand the terms they are on without having seen how much a staff officer becomes one of the family."

"I suppose much must be allowed for the frivolity and narrowness of a military set in a colony. Imagine my one attempt at rational conversation last night. Asking his views on female emigration, absolutely he had none at all; he and Fanny only went off upon a nursemaid married to a sergeant!"

"Perhaps the bearings of the question would hardly suit mixed company."

"To be sure there was a conceited young officer there; for as ill luck will have it, my uncle's old regiment is quartered at Avonchester, and I suppose they will all be coming after Fanny. It is well they are no nearer, and as this colonel says he is going to Belfast in a day or two, there will not be much provocation to them to come here. Now this great event of the major's coming is over, we will try to put Fanny upon some definite system, and I look to you and your sister as a great assistance to me, in counter-acting the follies and nonsenses that her situation naturally exposes her to. I have been writing a little sketch of the dangers of indecision that I thought of sending to the *Traveller*. It would strike Fanny to see there what I so often tell her; but I can't get an answer about my paper on 'Curatocult,' as you made me call it."

"Did I?"

"You said the other word was of two languages. I can't think why they don't insert it; but in the mean time I will bring down my 'Human Reeds,' and show them to you. I have only an hour's work on them; so I'll come to-morrow afternoon."

"I think Colonel Keith talked of calling again—thank you," suggested Ermine in despair.

"Ah, yes, one does not want to be liable to interruptions in the most interesting part. When he is gone to Belfast"—

"Yes, when he is gone to Belfast!" repeated Ermine, with an irresistible gleam of mirth about her lips and eyes, and at that

moment Alison made her appearance. The looks of the sisters met, and read one another so far as to know that the meeting was over, and for the rest they endured, while Rachel remained, little imagining the trial her presence had been to Alison's burning heart-sick anxiety and doubt. How could it be well? Let him be lovable, let him be constant, that only rendered Ermine's condition the more pitiable; and the shining glance of her eyes was almost more than Alison could bear. So happy as the sisters had been together, so absolutely united, it did seem hard to disturb that calm life with hopes and agitations that must needs be futile; and Alison whose whole life and soul were in her sister, could not without a pang see that sister's heart belonging to another, and not for hopeful joy, but pain and grief. The yearning of jealousy was sternly repressed and forced down, and told that Ermine had long been Colin Keith's; that the perpetrator of the evil had the least right of any one to murmur that her own monopoly of her sister was interfered with; that she was selfish, unkind, envious; that she had only to hate herself and pray for strength to bear the punishment, without alloying Ermine's gladness while it lasted. How it could be so bright Alison knew not, but so it was she recognized by every tone of the voice, by every smile on the lip, by even the upright vigor with which Ermine sat in her chair and undertook Rachel's tasks of needlework.

And yet, when the visitor rose at last to go, Alison was almost unwilling to be alone with her sister, and have that power of sympathy put to the test by those clear eyes that were wont to see her through and through. She went with Rachel to the door, and stood taking a last instruction, hearing it not at all, but answering and relieved by the delay, hardly knowing whether to be glad or not that when she returned Rose was leaning on the arm of her aunt's chair with her most eager face. But Rose was to be no protection; for what was passing between her and her aunt?

"Oh, auntie, I am so glad he is coming back! He is just like the picture you drew of Robert Bruce for me. And he is so kind! I never saw any gentleman speak to you in such a nice soft voice."

Alison had no difficulty in smiling as Ermine stroked the child's hair, kissed her, and looked up with an arch, blushing, glittering

face that could not have been brighter those long twelve years ago.

And then Rose turned round, impatient to tell her other aunt her story. "Oh, Aunt Ailie, we have had such a gentleman here, with a great brown beard like a picture. And he is papa's old friend, and kissed me because I am papa's little girl, and I do like him so very much. I went where I could look at him in the garden, when you sent me out, Aunt Ermine."

"You did, you monkey," said Ermine, laughing, and blushing again. "What will you do if I send you out next time? No, I won't then, my dear, for *all* the time; I should like you to see him and know him."

"Only, if you want to talk of anything very particular," observed Rose.

"I don't think I need ask many questions," said Alison, smiling being happily made very easy to her. "Dear Ermine, I see that you are perfectly satisfied!"

"Oh, Ailie, that is no word for it! Not only himself, but to find him loving Rose for her father's sake, undoubting of him through all. Ailie, the thankfulness of it is more than one can bear."

"And he is the same!" said Alison.

"The same—no, not the same. It is more, better, or I am able to feel it more. It was just like the morrow of the day he walked down the lane with me and gathered honeysuckles, only the night between has been a very, very strange time."

"I hope the interruption did not come very soon."

"I thought it was directly; but it could not have been since you are come home. We had just had time to tell what we most wanted to know, and I know a little more of what he is. I feel as if it were not only Colin again but ten times Colin. Oh, Ailie, it must be a little bit like the meetings in heaven!"

"I believe it is so with you," said Alison, scarcely able to keep the tears from her eyes.

"After sometimes not daring to dwell on him, and then only venturing because I thought he must be dead, to have him back again with the same looks, only deeper, to find that he clung to those weeks so long ago, and, above all, that there was not one cloud, one doubt about the troubles. Oh, it is too, too much!"

Ermine leaned back with clasped hands.

She was like one weary with happiness, and fain to rest in the sense of newly-won peace. She said little more that evening, and if spoken to, seemed like one awakened out of a dream, so that more than once she laughed at herself, begged her sister's pardon, and said that it seemed to her that she could not hear anything for the one glad voice that rang in her ear, "Colin is come home." That was sufficient for her; no need for any other sympathy, felt Alison, with another of those pangs crushed down. Then wonder came—whether Ermine could really contemplate the future, or if it were absolutely lost in the present?

Colonel Keith went back to be seized by Conrade and Francis, and walked off to the pony inspection, the two boys on either side of him communicating to him the great grievance of living in a poky place like this, where nobody had ever been in the army, nor had a bit of sense, and Aunt Rachel was always bothering, and trying to make mamma think that Con told stories.

"I don't mind that," said Conrade, stoutly; "let her try!"

"Oh, but she wanted mamma to shut you up," added Francis.

"Well, and mamma knows better," said Conrade, "and it made her leave off teaching me; so it was lucky. But I don't mind that; only don't you see, colonel, they don't know how to treat mamma! They go and bully her, and treat her like—like a subaltern, till I hate the very sight of it."

"My boy," said the colonel, who had been giving only half attention; "you must make up your mind to your mother not being at the head of everything, as she used to be in your father's time. She will always be respected, but you must look to yourself as you grow up to make a position for her!"

"I wish I was grown up!" sighed Conrade; "how I would give it to Aunt Rachel! But why must we live here to have her plaguing us?"

Questions that the colonel was glad to turn aside by means of the ponies, and by a suggestion that, if a very quiet one were found, and if Conrade would be very careful, mamma might, perhaps, go out riding with them. The notion was so transcendent that, no sooner had the ponies been seen than the boys raced home, and had communicated it at the top of their voices to mamma long before

their friend made his appearance. Lady Temple was quite startled at the idea. "Dear papa," as she always called her husband, "had wished her to ride; but she had seldom done so, and now"—The tears came into her eyes.

"I think you might," said the colonel, gently; "I could find you a quiet animal, and to have you with Conrade would be such a protection to him," he added, as the boys had rushed out of the room.

"Yes; perhaps, dear boy. But I could not begin alone; it is so long since I rode. Perhaps when you come back from Ireland."

"I am not going to Ireland."

"I thought you said"—said Fanny, looking up surprised; "I am very glad! But if you wished to go, pray don't think about us! I shall learn to manage in time, and I cannot bear to detain you."

"You do not detain me," he said, sitting down by her; "I have found what I was going in search of, and through your means."

"What—what do you mean? You were going to see Miss Williams this afternoon, I thought!"

"Yes, and it was she whom I was seeking." He paused, and added slowly, as if merely to dwell on the words, "I have found her!"

"Miss Williams!" said Fanny, with perplexed looks.

"Miss Williams!—my Ermine whom I had not seen since the day after her accident, when we parted as on her death-bed!"

"That sister! Oh, poor thing, I am so glad! But I am sorry!" cried the much confused Fanny, in a breath. "Were not you very much shocked?"

"I had never hoped to see her face in all its brightness again," he said. "Twelve years! It is twelve years that she has suffered, and been brought to this grievous state of poverty, and yet the spirit is as brave and cheerful as ever! It looks out of the beautiful eyes,—more beautiful than when I first saw them,—I could see and think of nothing else!"

"Twelve years!" repeated Fanny; "is it so long since you saw her?"

"Almost since I heard of her! She was like a daughter to my aunt at Beauchamp, and her brother was my schoolfellow. For one summer, when I was quartered at Hereford, I was with her constantly; but my fam-

ily would not even here of the indefinite engagement that was all we could have looked to, and made me exchange into the —th."

"Ah! that was the way we came to have you! I must tell you, dear Sir Stephen always guessed. Once when he had quite vexed poor mamma by preventing her from joking you in her way about young ladies, he told me that once, when he was young, he had liked some one who died or was married, I don't quite know which, and he thought it was the same with you, from something that happened when you withdrew your application for leave after your wound."

"Yes; it was a letter from home, implying that my return would be accepted as a sign that I gave her up. So that was an additional instance of the exceeding kindness that I always received."

And there was a pause, both much affected by the thought of the good old man's ever ready consideration. At last Fanny said, "I am sure it was well for us! What would he have done without you?—and," she added, "do you really mean that you never heard of her all these years?"

"Never after my aunt's death, except just after we went to Melbourne, when I heard in general terms of the ruin of the family and the false imputation on their brother."

"Ah! I remember then you did say something about going home, and Sir Stephen was distressed, and mamma and I persuaded you because we saw he would have missed you so much, and mamma was quite hurt at your thinking of going. But if you had only told him your reason, he would never have thought of standing in your way."

"I know he would not; but I saw he could hardly find any one else just then who knew his ways so well. Besides, there was little use in going home till I had my promotion, and could offer her a home; and I had no notion how utter the ruin was, or that she had lost so much. So little did I imagine their straits that, but for Alison's look, I should hardly have inquired even on hearing her name."

"How very curious,—how strangely things come round!" said Fanny; then with a start of dismay, "But what shall I do? Pray, tell me what you would like. If I might only keep her a little while till I can find some one else, though no one will ever be so

nice; but indeed I would not for a moment, if you had rather not."

"Why so? Alison is very happy with you, and there can be no reason against her going on."

"Oh!" cried Lady Temple, with an odd sound of satisfaction, doubt, and surprise; "but I thought you would not like it."

"I should like, of course, to set them all at ease; but, as I can do no more than make a home for Ermine and her niece, I can only rejoice that Alison is with you."

"But your brother!"

"If he does not like it, he must take the consequence of the utter separation he made my father insist on," said the colonel, sternly. "For my own part, I only esteem both sisters the more, if that were possible, for what they have done for themselves."

"Oh! that is what Rachel would like! She is so fond of the sick—I mean of your—Miss Williams. I suppose I may not tell her yet."

"Not yet, if you please. I have scarcely had time as yet to know what Ermine wishes; but I could not help telling you."

"Thank you,—I am so glad," she said, with a sweet earnestness, holding out her hand in congratulation. "When may I go to her? I should like for her to come and stay here. Do you think she would?"

"Thank you, I will see. I know how kind you would be,—indeed, have already been to her."

"And I am so thankful that I may keep Miss Williams! The dear boys never were so good. And perhaps she may stay till baby is grown up. Oh, how long it will be first!"

"She could not have a kinder friend," said the colonel, smiling, and looking at his watch.

"Oh, is it time to dress? It is very kind of my dear aunt; but I do wish we could have staid at home to-night. It is so dull for the boys when I dine out, and I had so much to ask you. One thing was about that poor little Bessie Keith. Don't you think I might ask her down here, to be near her brother?"

"It would be a very kind thing in you, and very good for her; but you must be prepared for rather a gay young lady."

"Oh, but she would not mind my not go-

ing out. She would have Alick, you know, and all the boys to amuse her; but, if you think it would be tiresome for her, and that she would not be happy, I should be very sorry to have her, poor child."

"I was not afraid for her," said Colonel Keith, smiling, "but of her being rather too much for you."

"Rachel is not too much for me," said Fanny, "and she and Grace will entertain Bessie, and take her out. But I will talk to Alick. He spoke of coming to-morrow. And don't you think I might ask Colonel and Mrs. Hammond to spend a day? They would so like the sea for the children."

"Certainly."

"Then perhaps you would write,—oh, I forgot," coloring up,—“I never can forget

the old days; it seems as if you were on the staff still."

"I always am on yours, and always hope to be," he said, smiling, "though I am afraid I can't write your note to the Hammonds for you."

"But you won't go away," she said. "I know your time will be taken up, and you must not let me or the boys be troublesome; but to have you here makes me so much less lost and lonely. And I shall have such a friend in your Erminia. Is that her name?"

"Ermine, an old Welsh name, the softest I ever heard. Indeed it is dressing-time," added Colonel Keith, and both moved away with the startling precision of members of a punctual military household, still feeling themselves accountable to somebody.

A VERY remarkable conversation between Mr. Lincoln and Judge Mills of Wisconsin shows how lucidly, as well as honestly, Mr. Lincoln recognizes the true issue between himself and the Democrats. "There is no programme," he said, "offered by any wing of the Democratic party, but that must result in the permanent destruction of the Union." "There are now in the service of the United States near 200,000 able-bodied colored men, most of them under arms, defending and acquiring Union territory. The Democratic strategy demands that these forces be disbanded, and that the masters be conciliated by restoring them to slavery. The black men who now assist our prisoners to escape are to be converted into our enemies in the vain hope of conciliating their masters. *We shall have to fight two nations instead of one.*" That is only lucid Union policy, but Mr. Lincoln shows real feeling for the cause of the slaves behind it: "There have been men base enough to propose to me to return to slavery the black warriors of Port Hudson and Olustee, and thus win the respect of the masters they fought. *Should I do so I should deserve to be damned in time and eternity.* Come what will I will keep my faith with friend and foe." Mr. Lincoln's subordinates have too often been untrue to his anti-slavery policy, but the worst enemies of that policy could not do better than adopt the line of some of the violent abolitionists,—not, we rejoice to say, the great abolitionist of all, Garrison,—in dividing the party now, when the only chance is a unanimous effort for the best President the North has had since the presidency of Adams.—*Spectator*, 24 Sept.

THE *Times* of this day week gives a curious piece of information, "which comes to us," it says "in a very authentic shape," concerning the Russian plan of war, had France and England declared war on the Polish question, as Russia, it is said, expected. Taking a lesson from the *Alabama*, the Russian admirals on the Californian and American coasts had been ordered to leave their stations and rendezvous in mid-ocean at a place only defined by latitude and longitude, and then hold themselves in readiness to bear down in case of war, first on Melbourne, then Hobart Town, then Adelaide, then Sydney, and then New Zealand. The ships, it is added, that were to be detached from the New York station would have numbered one hundred and fifty-six guns, and those from Japan and California forty-three, and the naval force was 2,971 seamen and one hundred and twenty-seven officers. The vessels were armed with sixty-eight-pounders; but those on the New York station were to buy whatever rifled guns they might want. The plan was not a bad one for crippling our great Australian commerce, and we cannot think with the *Times* that it supplies no argument, of the selfish kind, to the separationists in Australia. It is true that a very weak State must expect to be a prey to any plundering neighbor; but common plunderers are not common among civilized States, and the weaker the State the less is the chance of a quarrel. If union with a great empire is no advantage in itself, it certainly is the reverse of an insurance against attack.—*Spectator*, 24 Sept.

From The Reader.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

Of the hundreds of thousands who read, in the daily papers of Monday last, the announcement of Landor's death, we wonder how many there were who did not exactly remember who Landor was, and how many even of those who did remember felt surprised to learn that he had not been dead long ago. If ever a man outlived, not so much himself as his time, it was the author whose death we have to record. If you cannot be the rose, it is something, doubtless, to grow near the rose; but, when the flower is faded and the leaves are scattered, and the very scent has floated away into the air, the fact that once your lot placed you in proximity to the rose is of no great advantage. And, in the literary point of view, it was Landor's fate to have been the parasite plant of flowers faded and forgotten. A sort of intellectual *Aeneas*, he might have pointed to the great acts in the world of letters of a bygone generation and said with truth, "*Quorum pars magna fui*;" but then his *Aeneid* itself was out of date, and the Didos who once had listened enraptured to it were themselves dead memories years and years before the son of Anchises was gathered to his rest. Out of the little Florentine circle in which his declining years were spent, Landor had long ceased to be a living presence in the world. Every now and then, in the pages of the *Examiner*,—itself a fossil representative of a prediluvian age of literature,—there appeared some quaint, vigorous stanza from the pen of the aged exile, full of classical allusions, breathing the spirit of an era not in harmony with our own, and reminding its readers strangely of the tune of some forgotten air whose words they sought hopelessly to recall. But, otherwise, he had become as unreal to us as one of the characters in his "*Imaginary Conversations*." Yet, with all this, his death is a marked incident in the annals of literature. Even a man of far less individual note would have been worthy of record from the circumstances of his life. He had lived through and been a sharer in we know not how many generations of poets and authors. Gray died but four years before his birth; and his last friend was Robert Browning. What an interval great in time, greater still in intellectual change, is contained within these two waymarks! If we look to English poets

only, Southey, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Scott, Byron, Keats, Shelley, Moore, Rogers, Leigh Hunt, Hood, Tennyson, Keble, the Brownings, and a score of others of lesser fame, all made their mark upon the world during the period of Landor's pilgrimage upon the earth. He had seen the rise, decline, and fall of a score of poetic schools. Of the men whom we have mentioned, there is scarcely one who, at some time or other, must not have felt that ambition to be known to Landor which all young squires in the field of letters feel towards the knights who have won their spurs and made known their prowess. How many of them have experienced first the strange attraction, and then gradually the strange repulsion, which Landor exercised on all who came within the circle of his influence. If the theory be true, that every scene which man has looked upon still exists pictured somewhere upon his mental retina, there must have been within Landor's brain a perfect picture-gallery of all the men who have risen into literary fame since the days of the great Revolution. If he had left behind him memoranda of his recollections, and if, which we doubt still more, his morbid self-consciousness had allowed him to appreciate the true nature of the men who came across his path in life, he might have given a contribution to the intellectual history of the last three-quarters of a century such as no other man could ever have approached to. If only, instead of writing the imaginary conversations of people he had never seen, he had written the real conversations of people he had known, his fame would have been a far more enduring one.

Any estimate of his literary merits must necessarily be an unfair one if formed by a writer of the present generation. Even the warmest of his few surviving admirers would hardly assert that Landor's writings will ever rank amongst English classics. It is seldom, except in libraries compiled a quarter of a century ago, that even the "*Imaginary Conversations*" will be found. And, as to Gebir and Count Julian, we confess that we should hardly know where to look for them at all. The student who takes down the two heavy, dust-covered octavo volumes in which the fictitious sayings of Landor's personages are recorded will, we think, soon lay them aside, not with weariness, but with something of bewilderment. He knows that they were

accounted works of talent by a generation who had no lack of high models and great exemplars in literature; he feels that the pure ore must lie hid within their cellars; but he has lost the "Open, Sesame." The very dedication carries him back to an epoch he cannot understand. That a certain General Stopford should be lauded to the skies in sonorous phrases for having aided the patriot Bolivar to establish the independence of Columbia,—an independence, if we recall the phrase rightly, "destined to be as durable as it is brilliant,"—strikes us with a sense of astonishment. That there was a time when people talked of Bolivar as we do of Garibaldi, and regarded the war of South American independence much as we look on the invasion of Sicily, is a fact that we acknowledge without comprehending. And so, as he reads on, our student will never lose the sense of unreality which startles him at the threshold. These conversations between Demosthenes and Eubulus, between Queen Elizabeth and Cecil, between James I. and Casaubon, may be—nay, doubtless are—clever exertions; but how people could ever have regarded them as lifelike, is a puzzle to which we have lost the clew. Casaubon and Eubulus are both alike; and both are still more like Landor. In fact, we have Landor talking to us through a series of disguises. We do not say for one moment that the dialogues are not clever; all we profess is an inability to appreciate their cleverness. We know that the Greek tragedians spoke through masks, and that the actors of the great days of the legitimate drama appeared in court-dresses; and we know, also, as a matter of fact, that they worked most powerfully upon the passions of their hearers. We do not question the fact of their success; we only assert that the mode by which they achieved it is to us inexplicable. Thus, in much the same manner, the whole pseudo-classic class of literature to which the "Imaginary Conversations" belongs is a sealed book for the present generation, reared and bred in another school. We have our own shams and impostures doubtless; but we have done away with the sham of dressing up modern figures in Roman togas and Greek tunics. We admit fully the force and elegance of Landor's style. Whatever other sins he was guilty of, he was free from that of contorting and confusing the noblest lan-

guage which it was ever given man to write in. But mere lucidity and eloquence of style, great as their charm is, do not supply the place of thought; and the thought which the readers of Landor's day found in his compositions is hidden from us. During his later years, when he attacked a lady in couplets imitated faithfully from the fifth book of the Horatian odes,—when, even later, he offered to head a subscription for a man he regarded as a regicide, worthy of the honors of Harmodius and Aristogeiton,—the public feeling of disgust at witnessing the fearful eccentricities of a man of genius was not so strong as the strange sense of the anachronism exhibited by such proceedings in these present years of grace.

Of Landor's private character this is not the place to write. His was one of those exceptional natures which can only be fairly judged by very few persons, and those persons are certain not to speak out their true opinions. Good-natured, but heedless of other people's feelings, and furious at any opposition, he made many enemies, and wore out the patience of many friends. A man of letters, who knew him well in days long gone by, has written of him thus to the author of these lines:—

"Landor you must have known,—a slender, worn-out, loose-clothed man. He was, when I first knew him, a sturdy fellow of rather middle-classish figure, well grown, but not quite square enough in shoulders, and somewhat too thick in throat and middle region for symmetry. He had a habit, when talking, of standing bolt upright, with his arms close and rather stiffly pendent to his sides, with a stick, or ruler, or some such sceptre of authority in his right hand, with which he smartly beat the air in emphasis to his copious, hurried, peremptory utterances, as if drilling his listener to ready and cheerful acquiescence in whatever he was enumerating."

"I remember a picture he had by some first-rate master,—probably I thought a copy,—of which he was most proud. Was it the head of John the Baptist? I forget totally the subject, but a chief figure was a woman of godly plumpness,—seen a little behind the profile,—with outline of shoulder and bosom bare. That luxuriant outline was the point on which Landor dwelled in vaunting the picture. It was beauty of the luxuriant order; but the figure was not ideal nor graceful, nor the picture very much of anything."

Is not his peculiar genius accounted for by

this common materialistic sense, combined with that extraordinary gift of tongues which helped to make him master of the library? He realized the use of the library with vividness, keen feeling, and much truth; with a grace, a beauty of sentiment, a livingness in old familiar ideas; but all with a minimum of genuine simplicity. He fetched out other men's creations by the force of a sort of literary spiritualism and made them talk "*some more*," but all exactly a reproduction of phrase and general sentiment without any addition, and without the smack and fervor of the original; just as the spirits that talk the table-rap language babble what the medium supposes them likely to say. . . . Landon's Latin was extraordinary for its grace and Latinity, but still—speaking through the mist of years—I never could see in it what I was not then familiar with in the standard books. His power of characterizing the library, his vast familiar acquaintance with the classic and Italic portion of it, his ability to revive the ancient and mediæval personages, coupled with his unquestioned tenderness and grace, made him the delight of *littérateurs* and the amateurs of literature. His tenderness was quite consistent with his domestic ferocity; it was a sort of Epicurean self-indulgence."

This estimate is, we believe, a fair one enough. Even now there may be men living who wince beneath the recollection of Landon's tongue, which spared neither friend nor foe. Let us quote, in conclusion, one anecdote of his bitter power of invective with which Florence rung some five or six years ago. Lord Normanby and the poet, men having many tastes in common, had been friends. After the wont of Landon's friendships, intimacy was succeeded by a quarrel. Stung by some grievance, supposed or real, Landon published a letter inveighing against the ex-minister, and, knowing that his peculiar foible was the desire to appear young, aimed his barb accordingly. He concluded a letter of extreme force and vigor in these words: "If we were not both, my lord, two miserable old dotards trembling on the brink of the grave, this letter would be more pointed than it is." His bark, we have no doubt was worse than his bite; but his bark was cruelly savage.

From The Examiner.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

A FORTNIGHT ago, at the age of fourscore and ten, Walter Savage Landon died at his

home in Italy. With the free soul and fine culture of a noble Greek when Greece was at her noblest, with a depth of true scholarship that made the speech of the great republicans of old a living voice to him, and sympathy that gave the rarest charm of truth to the wit and poetry of his "Imaginary Conversations of the Greeks and Romans," the poet who has gone to his grave so ripe of years was an Englishman to his heart's core. Never was Greek one man for ninety years; but Landon never changed. His English steadfastness ran through his politics, his poetry, his friendships. For seventy years he has been known as a poet, his first verses having been published in 1795, and one of Southey's earliest enthusiasms was for Landon's "Gebir." In all that time there has been no tyranny against which his brave spirit did not utter an indignant protest. In early manhood, after he had dealt with his patrimony in heroic vein, he led a troop to join the Spanish patriots who rose against Napoleon. In later life, old readers of ours know how many a time through this journal he has launched in pregnant verse his scorn against usurpers of the rights of men, and hymned for the soldiers of liberty their lasting praise. Free of heart, free of speech, though pure of soul, and defiant of conventional reserves when he believed them insincere, in his old age the sturdy poet, whom few equalled in genuine refinement, brought by his own act the whole avalanche of the Respectabilities upon his head. All that he had been, all that he was, scandal forgot, and that only was talked of which, alone in all the public acts and words of his long life, our after-comers will be ready to forget.

From The Saturday Review.

SKELETONS IN THE CLOSET.

MR. THACKERAY invented a theory which so much pleased his fancy that he recurred to it on every possible occasion. He imagined that every house has a special dark closet in it, and that in this closet is a skeleton. This allegory was meant to signify that every family has some great secret in it, or some painful memory, or some standing grief, which mars its inward peace, and renders the fair front it may present to the world in some measure delusive. Here is Smith, he would point out, with his lovely wife and smiling family, his comfortable home, and his balance at his

banker's; but, in the lonely hours of the night, Smith is brought face to face with his concealed skeleton, and is obliged to own to himself that life is altogether vanity. Here, again, is Jones, with his intellectual and social successes,—Jones who is the idol of his club, and the darling of the drawing-rooms he favors; but, in the dark recesses of his heart, Jones is weighted with the burden of a frightful mystery, which at times floats to the surface of his recollection, and bids him know what a poor shallow scoundrel he is. Whether Mr. Thackeray really thought his theory true, no one can tell; but at any rate, it harmonized very well with the general view of men and things adopted by a humorist who delighted in exploring the emptiness and weaknesses and short-comings of the society he observed, and who could see little else of good where he might rest the soles of his weary feet except the mild goodness of the weaker kind of woman. That all men are snobs, and that all snobs are secretly unhappy, was the supreme result of his laborious meditations. His theory has been adopted as an axiom by minor novelists, and it is now laid down, in the romances of the day, as a sort of law of nature, that there is a skeleton in the closet of every family. Mrs. Wood, for example, does not so much enforce as assume this great truth in the last novel she has published. She introduces the family of a poor navy captain. There are three lovely daughters, and the captain is a proud, noble-looking, gouty gentleman, and the place they live in is in beautiful order. But they have their skeleton. The captain cannot pay his way. He is deeply in debt, and has no means of meeting the claims of the butchers and bakers who, on the strength of the appearances he keeps up, are good enough to supply his household with the mutton and bread it requires. The eldest daughter, who is the financier of the family, leads in consequence a life of the most desperate anxiety. She is always making up her books and casting up her accounts, and finding that bills, however carefully added up, cannot be paid without coin. The second daughter is so scared and excited by the sad prospect before her that she fastens herself with resolution and alacrity on the local surgeon, who admires her lovely eyes. This is their skeleton, and a terrific skeleton it is. In Mr. Thackeray's novels, the sorrows are more of-

ten those of the heart, and the sufferers find their skeleton in some of those miseries which plague a married couple. It is not, therefore, quite uninteresting to ask whether the novelists are right. Is there a skeleton in every household? Of course, something different is meant from the old truth that man is born to sorrow, and that few families can remain long without some grief to bear. An open and ordinary calamity is not a skeleton. If parents lose a favorite child, or a man in affluence is suddenly reduced to poverty, or the head of the household is stricken down with a lingering illness, these are very great griefs, but there is nothing secret or mysterious about them. The proposition of the novelist is that prosperous people, happy people, contented people, as they seem to their neighbors, have some secret grief which they conceal, and which corrodes the bliss they seem to be enjoying; and what we want to know is whether the facts of life give this theory any kind of support.

As love and money appear to be considered the chief causes of this secret misery, we may, in the first instance, confine our inquiry to the griefs they are likely to cause. Mrs. Wood selects money as the origin of her class of skeletons, and so we will begin with her. Is it the case that a large proportion of those persons who appear to be comfortably off are secretly overwhelmed with pecuniary difficulties? It would be very unfair to push the theory too far, and to suppose that Mrs. Wood or any other novelist means to deny that there are very many well-to-do people in England. But she seems to assert that difficulties about money are continually pressing on a very large number of families that appear to be in easy circumstances. It is not obvious how any one is to prove whether this is so or not; for, if the skeletons are kept in the closet, the outside world cannot tell whether they are there. But we can use some indirect methods of arriving at an opinion. On the one hand, there is much to make us think that Mrs. Wood is right. Where does all the money come from that we see spent around us? It is not that there is much grandeur in England. No one can be surprised at that; for England is known to be very rich. But it certainly is astonishing that so many people who are not known to be very rich can afford to live so exactly as if they were very rich. There is

something mysterious in the daily expenditure of innumerable families. The boys, as they grow up, go as a matter of course to public schools; the girls have the best of masters and silk dresses and plenty of jewelry. If the family gives a dinner, it gives it in style,—abundance of various sorts of bad wine, splendid plated candlesticks, the regulation cutlets, ferns and ice-puddings, saddle of mutton, chickens and tongue, lots of busy black-coated waiters, and all that makes up the ideal of a real, handsome, comfortable entertainment in middle-class English society. Then, again, every family can afford to go every year to the sea-side or on the Continent. No one ever suffers it to be supposed for a moment that they are kept at home during the summer by want of money. The curious inquirer may well ask where it all comes from. How does it happen that a barrister who has just secured a fair sessions business, and is beginning to get the thinnest of wedges into the rich block of London business, can afford to live like a banker or a brewer? Mrs. Wood, we presume, would reply that it is all hollow; that people live beyond their means; that, though they seem well off, they are really very poor, and that they have the dreadful skeleton of secret impecuniosity concealed in their domestic cupboards. This is a theory, but is it a fact? If it were a fact, we should expect to see our neighbors continually breaking down. The skeleton could not be kept in the cupboard forever. The day of a great smash would arrive, and this mockery of wealth would fade away like a dream. But nothing of the sort happens. We find our friends and acquaintances doing this year what they did last, and proposing to do next year what they have done this year. They give every sign of being sure of their ground. They always produce so much money as at least saves appearances. If they are ever driven to economize, they are seldom forced to take any more serious step than that of docking their subscriptions to charities. They have always credit if they have not money, and seem to get everything they want without trouble. Therefore the natural conclusion is that the surprising wealth of English middle-class society is in the main substantial, and that anxiety about money does not contribute very largely to stock with skeletons the

cupboards of these who seem in easy or comfortable-circumstances.

Mr. Thackeray was fond enough of exposing the hollowness of half-rich snobs, and of dwelling on the miseries which their vanity drives them to endure; but, in talking of skeletons, he talked more especially of those which love, or the disappointments of love, may be supposed to produce. The two chief skeletons are that a married person may have liked some one else better than the person he or she actually did marry, and that married persons on a nearer acquaintance find out their mistake. That there are instances to be found where these skeletons exist, no one can deny; but what reason have we to suppose that such instances are numerous? Nothing pleased Mr. Thackeray more than to point out how often a husband has a lock of hair treasured up that his wife never sees, or a wife has a flower in her drawer which she once thought a flower from paradise. But Mr. Thackeray also loves equally to point out how very slight a place these remembrances and keepsakes really occupy in the minds of men and women after a few years are gone by. A man who is moderately happy—who has his business, his garden, his stables, his guests, and his children to think of, and who spends many minutes out of the twenty-four hours of which a conjugal day consists in consulting with his wife about their common interests—may perhaps once in four or five years open an old packet of letters, look them languidly over, and say with sincerity and sensibility, if he finds one from an old love, that she was a sweet, dear creature in the old days. If he is a man of deep feeling and susceptible heart, his pang of baffled affection may possibly last five minutes, and then he puts the letters by, and has all his usual serenity restored to him. Does this deserve to be called a skeleton,—a secret sorrow which renders his outward happiness a delusion? There are, again, many persons who say that married life is generally unhappy, and that lovers soon find out the grossness of their delusion. It might even be argued that it is very natural this should be so. Lovers meet, are inspired, are devoted, are married. Why should this hasty and random choice be supposed to lead to happiness? We do not know why, but we cannot help looking to facts. If we survey

the circle of our friends, we shall find very few who have not married happily, and who do not seem very tolerably suitable to each other. The wives seem very happy when the husbands come home; the husbands appear very glad to get home. There are, of course, exceptions; but then they are generally noticeable exceptions. They occur to us immediately as instances of unhappy marriages. But if we take instance after instance from among friends whose names do not at once occur to us as having anything unusual in their married life, we are obliged to pronounce that, so far as we can tell, the husbands and wives seem to be very tolerably happy. They may have a little to bear, or a little to regret, but nothing in the least like a cause for a secret, overpowering grief. We are, therefore, obliged to conclude that skeletons do not seem to exist in anything like the closets of every family, and that the great mass of persons whom we know appear to be free from them. If the novelists said that there is a skeleton in some closets, they would be on sure ground; but this is a very tame and ineffective thing to say; and so they awaken our curiosity and awe by asserting that there is a skeleton in the closet of every family. We may be thankful if, in point of fact, this is wholly untrue, and if Providence, which assigns men so many outward calamities, has not, as a rule, seen fit to oppress them with the burden of a mysterious and secret grief.

From The Reader.

JOMINI'S LIFE OF NAPOLEON.

Life of Napoleon. By Baron Jomini, General-in-Chief and Aide-de-Camp to the Emperor of Russia. Translated from the French. With Notes by H. W. Halleck, LL. D., Major-General. United States Army. In Four Volumes. With an Atlas. New York: Van Nostrand; London: Trübner.

It is only recently that the study of military literature and the art of war has become general in England,—still more recently has it engaged the attention of our American cousins. “*L'art d'égorger son prochain*,” as it is termed by Voltaire, has now become with the Americans a passion only less absorbing than that of multiplying the almighty dollar. The present struggle, if it has produced few good generals, has, at all events,

given birth to a host of books on military subjects. The preponderance of the former is with the South, that of the latter with the North, for the simple reason, that the outnumbered Southerners are too much in earnest in fighting to be able to spare time for writing or declaiming about it. If, however, the Northerners do not profit much from their parlor-reading, unaccompanied as it is by professional training and practical experience, others may make a better use of the maxims and treatises which they seem so fond of publishing. Among those to whom we must confess ourselves the most indebted is Major-General Halleck, who, amidst the peaceful toils of his office, has found leisure to translate and to publish Jomini's celebrated *Life of Napoleon*. By this labor General Halleck has conferred a great benefit on the military world of England and America. Himself a soldier who has studied the art of war on a hundred battle-fields, Baron Jomini is recognized as the greatest military critic of this, perhaps of any, age. For a long time chief of the staff to Marshal Ney, he could with truth say of Napoleon's campaigns, “*Quorum pars magna fui*.” In addition to this eminent qualification for the office of historiographer of the greatest of French generals, he possessed the immense advantage of having been, from the summer of 1813 until the end of the war, attached to the person of the Emperor Alexander. He was thus, from his actual share in the operations of each army, as well as from his intimate connections with the principal officers on both sides, enabled to obtain the very best and most authentic materials for his work.

Though we are not here reviewing a life of Baron Jomini, yet, as General Halleck has attached to his translation a brief sketch of the author's career, we yield to the temptation of alluding to the circumstances under which he left the French army. A Swiss by birth, he was educated at the Prince of Würtemberg's Military School. He did not, however, at once enter the army, but passed two years in a bank at Paris. At the end of that time he was appointed aide-de-camp to General Keller, but does not appear to have seen any active service until, in 1805, Ney placed him on his staff. In 1809, however, a quarrel took place between them, and Jomini was sent back to the general staff, presided over by Berthier, who, for some unknown reason,

was always hostile to him. In consequence of this hostility, he tendered his resignation, which was refused. On the eve of the Russian campaign, sooner than serve against Alexander, who had previously offered him a commission in his army, Jomini solicited the governorship of a province. He was appointed to that of Wilna, from which place he was afterwards transferred to Smolensko. During the retreat, and especially at the passage of the Beresina, Jomini rendered important services, and at the close of the campaign, was summoned to Paris to assist the emperor in the reorganization of the army. Ill-health prevented him from taking part in the opening of the following campaign. He, however, rejoined Ney as chief of the staff on the 4th May, 1813, and distinguished himself so much at Bautzen that the marshal recommended him for promotion. Berthier again manifested his hostility; and instead of receiving promotion, Jomini was placed under arrest for alleged incapacity. This was too much for him to bear; and, quitting the army, he presented himself at the Russian head-quarters, where he obtained a kind welcome and a commission. He has been violently assailed for this step; but Napoleon himself, in the memoirs dictated at St. Helena, acquitted him of blame, in these words: "He did not desert his flag like some others. He had great injustice to complain of, and was blinded by an honorable sentiment. He was not a Frenchman, and there was no love of country to retain him." Our readers may be interested in learning that General Jomini is still alive, and, at the age of eighty-five, continues to enjoy all his faculties.

To return from this long digression to the book which is the subject of this review. Jomini has adopted the literary artifice of putting his own words into the mouth of Napoleon, whose spirit is supposed to be satisfying, in the Elysian Fields, the curiosity of Alexander, Cæsar, Frederick, and other dead heroes. The result is an impartial yet spirited narrative, confined, however, almost exclusively to diplomatic and military topics, and scarcely touching on the internal government of France. In the limited space of a short article it is impossible to make one-tenth of the extracts we could wish; we are, therefore, compelled to confine ourselves to transcribing one or two of the most striking passages, and to alluding to some of the most

important opinions contained in the work before us.

It has, by numerous detractors, been supposed that Napoleon owed much of his miraculous success to an unexampled galaxy of skilful lieutenants. Jomini shows that such was not the case; that, almost always victorious where he himself commanded, Napoleon, if he profited much by the gallantry of generals fighting under his immediate superintendence, with a few exceptions suffered almost equally from the unfitness of these same officers for independent command. Jomini, speaking by the mouth of Napoleon, thus sums up his opinion of some of the principal French commanders: "With the exception of Massena, Soult, and perhaps Davoust, there were none to whom I could intrust the command of a separate army. (The Viceroy, St. Cyr, Suchet, and Oudinot were promoted only at a later period.)"

Though Ney had at one time behaved ill to Jomini, yet that marshal's subsequent kindness quite erased the memory of his past conduct. After the second capitulation of Paris, Jomini opposed Ney's execution so strongly that he incurred the risk of having his name erased from the list of Russian generals. Nor did his generosity towards an old commander rest here. In the pages before us may be seen the best defence of the conduct of "the bravest of the brave" during the hundred days. Napoleon is made to speak as follows:—

"This marshal was no statesman, and all his political religion consisted in avoiding civil war created for private interests. This was his motive at Fontainebleau, when he contributed to provoke my first abdication. '*Tout pour France; rien pour un homme,*' was his motto,—a dogma very respectable in appearance, but which, when carried too far, may cause great faults, and induce one to forget the most sacred duties. At the first news of my return Ney thought only of the scenes at Fontainebleau and the dangers of civil war; he therefore accepted in good faith the appointment to repel me by force of arms, and so far forgot himself as to utter imprudent and unsuitable menaces against his ancient chief. But he was soon convinced, by his journey in Burgundy and in Franche-Comté, of the unanimity of popular sentiment in my favor; his own soldiers unfurled the national colors in his presence; two officers sent secretly to him assured him of my wish to forget the past. Placed in the same

alternative as Marlborough between James II. and William, he did not hesitate to throw himself into the ranks rendered illustrious by his many brilliant feats of arms. Yielding to a single dominant idea, he acted with impetuous haste, without reflecting that he might thereby violate other sacred duties, from which he might so easily have relieved himself by retiring to Besançon till after my entrance into the capital. The striking contrast between his proclamation at Sous-le-Saulnier and his promises to Louis XVIII. will remain as an unfortunate blot in the history of his glorious career, because it gives a false idea of his character by having all the appearance of premeditated treason,—a crime of which he was utterly incapable.”

It is curious to find, in a letter from Napoleon to the pope inviting him to the coronation, the signs that the imperial style was with difficulty assumed by the successful general. The first and third person appear to be indifferently employed; and, in the space of a few lines, we find Napoleon assuring the pope that the latter's presence “will bring down upon yourself and our people the blessings of God;” and “your Holiness is aware of the affectionate sentiments I have long borne towards you.”

The following passage concerning Napoleon's religious policy is very remarkable:—

“I feel, when too late, that I had committed an error in not putting a difference of religion between my dynasty and that of the Bourbons. It was not the mediocrity of talent, nor the political faults of James and of Charles II. which a second time hurled the race of the Stuarts from the throne of England, but the opposition of religious opinion. If, at the epoch of the concordat, I had embraced the reformed religion with all the men attached to the public administration, all France would have imitated my example and my son would probably have succeeded me on the throne.”

Jomini's opinion with regard to the necessity of fortifying capitals is worthy of attention, and will doubtless prove interesting to all those engaged in the volunteer movement.

“The capital of a country contains the *elite* of the nation; it is the centre of public opinion, and the depot of all its wealth and strength; to leave such an important point without defences is national folly. In times of national misfortunes and great national calamities, States have often been in want of armies, but never of men capable of defending their walls. Fifty thousand National Guards, with two or three thousand can-

noneers, might defend a fortified capital against an army of two hundred thousand men. But these same fifty thousand undisciplined men, commanded by inexperienced officers, would, in the open field, be put to rout by a mere handful of regular cavalry.”

Among the various causes which tended to overthrow the colossal edifice which Napoleon had erected at the cost of so much blood, the expedition to Moscow has generally been considered the principal. The case is here argued with much ability and impartiality. Jomini asserts that the emperor had long considered a decisive struggle with Russia inevitable. To preserve the stability of the empire, “it was necessary to place Russia in such a position that she could not destroy the unity of my system, and to give new political boundaries to my frontiers sufficiently strong to resist the weight of the entire power of the czars. . . . To render this plan successful, it was necessary to reconstruct Poland. . . . This would be my last war, and decide the political fate of Europe. Some have attributed to me the project of marching into India through Persia. I do not deny having thought of the possibility of sending an expedition there; but it would have been subordinate to such arrangements as we might make with the Cabinet of St. Petersburg. I had no idea of going there in person. No great force was required to destroy the monstrous edifice of the English Company; twenty thousand good soldiers, a large number of officers, a little money, and a good understanding with the Mahratta chiefs would have been sufficient to accomplish this object.”

General Halleck cannot be complimented on the style of his translation. He may have succeeded in giving the sense of Jomini's pages, but he has done so in a slovenly manner. Not only are there several errors, which may be set down as typographical, and a few phrases more French than English in their idiom, but the spelling is detestable, according to our own notions of the English language. Perhaps, however, General Halleck, like the American who said his host in this country spoke his native tongue with a strong English accent, is of opinion that our orthography is sadly provincial. In the course of this book we continually find such words as “defense,” “marvelous,” “skillfully,” “neighbors,” etc., for “defence,” “marvel-

lous," "skilfully," "neighbours." General Halleck has also assumed a prerogative which may be ceded to a Shakspeare, a Milton, or an Addison, but excites our disgust when usurped by an unknown transatlantic writer. We allude to the use of such words as "compromit," "retrocession," "scission," etc., and the writing "reinforce," and "re-establish" "reënforce" and "reestablish." This may be President's American; it certainly is not Queen's English. W. W. K.

From The Saturday Review.
HUSBANDS.

THE view which a wife takes of the character of her husband is, for obvious reasons, not always identical with that taken by the outside world. We all know cases of women finding every possible excellence in men whom everybody else agrees in pronouncing very silly and very selfish; and on the other hand, men who commonly pass for everything that is generous and high-souled are often known at home to be full of petty egotisms and unlovable weaknesses. It is a little more curious that in the latter case women, as a rule, do not even wish other people to agree with them. They pour out their complaints into the ears of patient friends; but no sooner does the friend appear to share their convictions about the husband's short-comings than, as Nancy Lammeter said, "they turn round and praise him as if they wanted to sell him." They do not so much want sympathy as an opportunity of relieving their feelings, and nobody can become the confidant of a large circle of aggrieved married women who does not thoroughly understand this. Having married with impracticable views, or else with no views at all, about the life which they are entering, they subside, if of a weak temperament, into discontent and uneasiness; or, if possessed of irrepressible natural activity, they find a sufficient outlet for their dissatisfaction in the nursery, or at Dorcas meetings, or in bullying Tractarian or Rationalist curates. The fact that they refuse to allow anybody but themselves to abuse the husband for ceasing to be a lover says much for the general sense of what is due to conjugal honor. And this, after all, is often the sum of a woman's grievances. It would be folly to deny that, even among more refined people than navvies and tramps, there are men who

treat their wives with downright cruelty and heartlessness; but if this were other than distinctly exceptional, it would be quite impossible, even with the safety-valve of a Divorce Court, for society to hold together. Less bitter than this, but still intolerable enough, is a husband of an imperious and arrogant temper, who constantly offends his wife and everybody else by insolence and dogmatism. But by far the larger number of Englishmen are neither cruel nor overbearing. They are, as a rule, properly fond of their wives, and like them to be as happy and comfortable as possible; and the failure in this respect, where there is failure, is principally due to the nonsensical theories which young ladies too often entertain about married life,—theories, however, for which they ought not to incur the entire blame. So long as they receive the peculiarly whimsical education which is at present thought good enough for all practical purposes, and are confined—unless they can write novels, or feel a call to practise physic—to the weakest kinds of make-believe activity, we cannot expect them to hold very sound notions about the whole duty of wives. Some philosopher has said that a man finds himself seven years older the day after his marriage. The revolution wrought in the mind of a woman must be still more remarkable. Marriage being the only goal which, in the vast majority of cases, she has ever been taught to look forward to or aim after, whatever discoveries she may make on arriving there produce a proportionately deeper impression upon her than upon the man, as she has fewer other interests. If the anticipated bliss of this state is unfulfilled, then life is vanity indeed. Some women seem to be left stunned and helpless on finding that married life is not a sort of lasting picnic, and pass the remnant of their days in impotent whining. With others, luckily, the instinct of self-preservation and self-respect is too strong for this, and after a short stage of mental blankness they soon grasp the truth,—that what they had mistaken for the goal is only the starting-point of a journey that will demand a good many virtues of which hitherto they have only read in Sunday books. We are not saying that all wives are disappointed in their husbands, and must necessarily fall into one or other of these two classes. Many of them want so exceedingly little in return for their

heart and hand that disappointment is almost out of the question. Some, again, are by nature of an affectionate and reverential temper which refuses to see the flaws in anybody to whom they have once fairly attached themselves, and husbands frequently fancy that this is what they have a right to expect. Apart from the question whether they are often likely to get it, it is worth considering how far such mental prostration is profitable either to the idol or the votary. But although everybody may know abundant instances of wives who are profoundly contented with their husbands, we suspect the number of those who find their lords precisely what, before marriage, they supposed them to be, is exceedingly small. It would be a piece of absurd and cynical affectation to say that the happiness of married life is only a decorous fancy; yet we are tolerably confident that the verdict of almost any twelve candid matrons who could be impanelled would be to the effect that this happiness is of a very different kind from that which they had anticipated, and that the husband is an incredibly different manner of man from the suitor. It would, indeed, be very strange if it were otherwise. When he is in love, a man may think as a child and speak as a child; but if he is to go on growing, he must put away childish things. In fact, most women would soon begin to complain of, a husband who continued to feed them on the barley-sugar which, in its place, had been so exquisitely palatable. Still, the change from barley-sugar to beef and mutton not unfrequently occasions a decided shock to the moral system. A poet or a novelist of the analytic school would find an admirable subject in the working of this change upon a mind fortunately of rare and exceptional sensitiveness, such as one occasionally encounters in real life. The sorrows of men who have been jilted are now a worn-out theme; but the tragedy of a clever and high-minded woman who awakes to find herself mated with a pragmatical ass or downright villain has yet, in spite of "Romola" to be effectively treated, her powers growing in strength, while his only grow in loudness or wickedness. Imagine the position of such a woman living with a bad but conceited poet, or with a man who was at war with his kind on the subject of perpetual motion or the quadrature of the circle. Of course she does not tell everybody her wretched secret, and perhaps is herself

only alive to it in a half-conscious way. But the marriage is a mistake for all that.

The most common source of unsuitable matches is plainly the sheer thoughtlessness with which many women marry. The process resembles nothing so much as raffling. Virtually, the whole thing is an affair of accident and chance, and the maiden who "was married one morning as she went into the garden for parsley to stuff a rabbit" has too many imitators of her rashness. There are a great many nice questions with reference to the exact duty of parents in preventing matrimonial mistakes on the part of their daughters. Of course, if a girl has set her heart on a groom, or on somebody whom they know to be an unprincipled scamp, her father and mother would be gravely to blame if they did not promptly take every possible step to prevent the marriage. But suppose the favored suitor is what they call "a very deserving young man," but needy; are they to prohibit the match in the face of the daughter's vehement inclination? Or a case may arise in which they know nothing against the character or the position of the suitor, but entertain a vague misgiving, an indistinct prejudice, against him. May this be justly allowed to counterbalance the daughter's deliberate preference? There are a hundred shades of feeling between cordial approbation of a man for a son-in-law and a repugnance which nothing can overcome; and it is impossible to draw the line at any one point and say, Here the father is justified in withholding his consent. In every case, very much must depend upon the character of the daughter herself. If she is naturally weak and wrong-headed, the exercise of parental authority can hardly be carried too far in order to protect her. But if she has habitually displayed a sound judgment and a solid temper, the question how far a father will be wise in imposing his veto is one which there must be a good deal of practical difficulty in deciding. Something like the following language has been used on the subject of marriage settlements: "It is evidently very inconsistent for you to have such confidence in a man as to give him your daughter, and yet to impose restrictions on her property which imply that you think it quite possible that he may turn out a very objectionable person after all. You say the settlement is a precaution. But, as a precaution, it is absurdly incomplete. The

only complete precaution is the prohibition of the marriage." But surely, this is a very off-hand way of meeting the difficulty. It entirely assumes a position which to us appears wholly untenable; namely, that a father can always with wisdom and justice resort to the extreme exercise of his authority. There are, as we have said, broadly marked cases where he would be bound to exert this authority with the utmost peremptoriness. But we submit that, as a rule, the objection on which the prohibition is founded should be substantial and distinct. The argument to which we refer supposes that a man has only to say, You shall not marry Mr. So-and-so, and then he may immediately subside into a complacent and unquestioning conviction that he has done his whole duty as a British father. Among Orientals and barbarians this is, no doubt, an extremely satisfactory state of things, but in a country where women do not wrap up their faces, and may not, in case of refractoriness, legally be tied up in sacks and thrown into the Thames, this power of despotic prohibition is a matter involving a good deal of responsibility. There may be any number of complex considerations, and, after he has duly weighed them all, the father may still be very gravely puzzled what course to take. We do not suppose that many young women die annually of broken hearts; but it appears not unlikely that as many happy marriages are prevented by the reckless exercise of the right of prohibition as unhappy ones are produced by reckless consent. The unhappiness of a matron is greatly to be deplored; still the woes of a frustrated spinster ought to count for something. Yet because a father does not think so ill of a man as to run the risk of making his daughter seriously unhappy by thwarting her reasonable inclination, nor so well of his prudence, sagacity, and incorruptible thriftiness as to hand him over ten or twenty thousand pounds without keeping any sort of control over it, he is accused of holding a theory that sons-in-law are in the nature of burglars. Well, but, it is said, the cause of this cumbrous arrangement of trustees and parchment and heavy bills and so on is to be found in the common-law principle that a husband becomes absolutely entitled to his wife's personal property and to the profits of her real property during her life, or, under certain circumstances, for his

own life. This may be a very mischievous principle, and we are no champions of the common-law doctrines about *femes covertes*. But is it at all probable, if the whole common law were swept away, and every married woman became entitled, as against her husband, to the absolute ownership of all her property, that a father would cease to tie up his daughter's fortune? Would he be one whit more ready to intrust property, which, after all, is his own,—for this is the case on which we are arguing,—to a man who, in spite of all foresight, might be tempted into bad speculations or improvident living? For, though legally it might be made the woman's own property, it is not very difficult to see how it would come, as a matter of fact, to be within the control of the son-in-law. We are not saying that the common-law doctrine is not very insulting to women, and sometimes exceedingly prejudicial to their interests. This is not the question. The father wishes to secure to his daughter and her children certain property, which, be it remembered, is his own, and not theirs. He chooses that she shall have no power to frustrate this intention by diverting his gift to a person whom he may possibly like very much or possibly be quite indifferent to, and he has recourse to the only means by which he can be quite sure that his property will go where he desires that it should go. What has the common-law principle to do with this? He wishes it to go to his daughter, not to his son-in-law; and he knows enough of human nature to be sure that, if left in her power, the husband would be able either to coax or bully her into surrendering it, or to make her life a burden to her for refusing.

We consider the anti-settlement view sentimental, not because its upholders assail the doctrine of the common law, but because, in the substitutes which they propose, they shut their eyes to the actual experience of mankind, and neglect the notorious conditions of married life. We maintain the question at issue to be, not whether married women should own their property, but whether a father ought so far to adopt his daughter's enthusiastic estimate of her lover as to banish every thought that he ever can become other than immaculate, and to neglect reasonable precautions accordingly. He has seen other marriages which looked just as

"auspicious" end in misery and ruin. Of course he believes that this will be otherwise, but still there is the chance: and though he cannot protect his daughter from every possibility of being made miserable, he does the best he can. It has been said that marriage-settlements are useful only where the marriage itself was a mistake. It might be replied that they are often the very means of preventing marriages from proving mistakes, because they prevent that estrangement and alienation which could scarcely fail to attend any expression of determination on the wife's part to keep to herself the property which the reformed common-law had conferred upon her. The French system is, no doubt, worthy of investigation, and the machinery of English settlements may be unnecessarily cumbersome and expensive; but we should look suspiciously on any improvements springing from the cool theory that a husband is treated like a burglar because he is not allowed to have undisputed control over his father-in-law's money.

From The Examiner.

THE SUPPOSED HOARDING OF THE PRECIOUS METALS IN INDIA.

WE are thoroughly satisfied that the imagined hoarding, burying, and waste in trinkets, of the people of India, although a theory as old as the Romans, is no better than an hereditary figment. India is not a sink of the precious metals any more than it is a sink of copper, tin, or zinc. It produces itself neither gold nor silver any more than it does these vulgar metals. As their presence is indispensable, India must have them, and it gets them from the quarter that can supply them at the cheapest price. This, for the present, happens to be England, although other European nations, and even now and then the Chinese, contribute a minor share. Indeed India, in regard to the precious metals, is very much in the condition of England herself, for we have no gold of our own production, and very little silver. We import nearly all that we use, and yet we are not a sink of the precious metals, although we venture to assert that the waste of them with us is proportionally far greater than in India.

The Hindus are eminently a frugal, even a parsimonious people, and none know better than they the two sides of a coin. This characteristic of the race extends even to the

humblest orders. The value of money among them is high; they have bankers and money-changers in every village, and they count by scores in towns and cities; bills of exchange, also, are of immemorial use among them. In such a state of society there is no temptation to hoarding, and we are quite satisfied that very little exists. The only kind of hoarding of the precious metals that we can call to mind is that which has been occasionally practised by some frugal native princes. The king of Oude, for example, had once a hoard of some millions, and the notorious Kirwi booty, said to amount to £700,000, was once the hoard of a Mahratta prince. But such hoardings were but partial exceptions. Still less temptation must there be to bury treasure, an expedient, indeed, never had recourse to by any people except during foreign invasions and long civil wars, and from both the larger part of India has been free for from one-half to a whole century.

Much has been made, and in our opinion very erroneously made of Hindu ornaments and trinkets, to account for the imagined disappearance of the millions of the precious metals yearly brought to India. This refers chiefly to silver, for in such articles gold is but rarely employed even by the few very wealthy. The trinkets consist of bracelets, armlets, necklaces, and ear-rings, and with few exceptions, their use is confined to women and children. The Hindus use neither silver forks nor silver spoons and they waste no silver in plating, for the art is unknown to them. A man or woman of means may sometimes have a silver betel or tobacco box, and the woman now and then a silver skewer for her hair, but that is all. The Hindus wear no watches, unlike the Chinese, who do wear them, and always two at a time. A well-to-do English farmer or prosperous artisan will be possessed of more articles of luxury in gold and silver than a whole Hindu village of a thousand inhabitants, but we do not on that account charge him with wasting the precious metals and diverting them from their more important office. Neither ought we to charge the Hindu peasant with wasting them because he decorates his wife and children with armlets, bracelets, and anklets.

The chief use to which the precious metals, but more especially silver, are put in India is as money, as indeed, it is in every civilized country. India from its importation has to

supply, not only itself, but also the countries in its immediate neighborhood; for these have no other channel by which they can receive them, and like it, they produce none themselves. Probably not less than two hundred and fifty millions of people, or one-fifth of the computed population of the globe, has thus to be supplied. From the very nature of things, this population must always be supplied with foreign gold and silver. Of late years, but especially since the discovery of the gold of California and Australia, the importation of the precious metals has greatly increased, arising wholly from the increased prosperity of India. The reader may judge of this increase by the value of our own imports from that country at two not very remote periods. In 1854 the value of our imports was but £13,000,000, and in 1862 they had risen to £39,000,000, or in eight short years had been multiplied threefold. In the last-named year the value of our exports to India was but £17,000,000, and even adding fifty per cent. to this sum, so as to approximate it to the Indian value, the whole will only amount to £25,500,000, making a difference in the value of the imports and exports of £13,500,000, to be balanced by a payment in specie which accounts for the millions exported yearly to India. There the money is not hoarded or buried or expended in trinkets; but, with trifling exceptions, it finds employment in new branches of industry or the extension of old ones.

From The Reader.

AMERICAN ÆSTHETICS.

The Art-Idea: Part Second of Confessions of an Inquirer. By James Jackson Jarves New York: Hurd & Houghton.

It seems strange to receive from America a book which treats questions of fine art with the same sort of enthusiasm, seriousness, and impulse which Ruskin used to do—we wish we could say, still does. We are not accustomed to suppose that Yankees concern themselves much with the plastic ideal, save in the direction of breaking off the nose of the Apollo Belvedere, to prove that it is "chalk, I reckon;" still less are we expectant of art-pæans from the mighty people which has now for four years been engaged in as bloody, obstinate, momentous, and enormous a war as any recorded in history, and that within their own proper confines. But so it is. In that

stage of the anti-disruption and anti-slavery war when the announcement "Grant lost 3,000 men on Saturday" seems hardly to count for a faint ripple on the Dead Sea of blood, we are solicited by a little book by a Boston man writing in Boston, who discourses of Greek grace and Gothic invention with as much self-absorption as if no Fort Sumter and no Fort Pillow had existed. Honest Abe, secession, thousand-fold slaughter, repulse, reconquest, the iron resolves of one vast nation divided into two internecine camps,—these find and leave our Boston man, stonily calm or impenetrably silent; but questions of form, color, proportion, the culture which flows from the practice and the study of fine art, not only interest—they excite him. He "gets into a state" when Phidias, Michael Angelo, Blake, Delacroix, and the rest of them, come in his way to be written about. This is as it should be. Because emancipation is righteous and present war tremendous, fine art is not therefore insignificant. Let Lincoln and Davis, Grant and Lee, pound away at the war and the emancipation. We will wish success to one brace of them, and failure to the other brace; and not the less willingly will we catch the half-drowned voice of a Jarves piercing the tumult, and declaring that fine art is not a temporary interest of an idle mankind, but a permanent interest of a busy one.

Though we have mentioned the name of Mr. Ruskin in connection with that of Mr. Jarves, we do not mean to imply that the two writers stand on the same level. Yet it would be true to say that Mr. Jarves comes nearer to the English author than any of the latter's own compatriots, in point of the fervent gravity with which he treats the subject as a whole,—the deep importance which he attaches to fine art as one manifestation of the human soul, and one great influence upon it,—the missionary energy (if we may use such a term) wherewith he preaches his creed. This attitude of mind generates some of the weaker as well as of the stronger points in Mr. Jarves's book. We are far from suspecting him of insincerity; but there is a certain tone of inflation, of rhetorical effort and amplification, which we should be glad to see retrenched, for the benefit of the work and its readers. Like many other Americans, Mr. Jarves is sometimes unwilling to say a simple thing simply, but deals in great principles,

spiritual powers, and general "nephelegere-tism." The mere headings of his papers are a small but a potent index to this turn of mind and speech. At the top of one page we find "Me;" of another, "The Office of Will" and then *passim* "How Mind is inspired," "Give! give!" "Art a Revelation of Spirit," "Beauty the Inspirer," and all the rest of it. Some of these phrases may be and are perfectly justifiable; but they produce a disadvantageous impression on the mind of "the English reader;" and, in this respect, that national personage is, what he is not in all respects, a representative of the higher class of opinion. Another American tendency, as worthy of restriction as "tall talk," is that of cutting jokes. We have known several Americans, of various grades of talent and personal calibre up to a very high one, but not one among them who was not sure to egg in a joke or a pun when we did not quite want it. President Lincoln is only a good type of his countrymen in this respect. Thus, along with the somewhat flourishing inscriptions which we have been citing from Mr. Jarves, we find that the heading of his introduction is pitched in the following jocular key:—"Some preliminary talk with the reader, of the nature of a personal confession, which if he disapprove, being forewarned, he will skip of course." We did not skip it, and we found an ample sufficiency of good sense and rational expression in it; but why treat us to the goggle and the haw-haw preliminary when the performance does not consist of scenes in the circus, but of the measured utterances of the lecture-hall?

As the title indicates, this volume is the second part of a work which its author has christened "Confessions of an Inquirer," the first part of which, published in 1857, "referred to the education of the heart, and was to have been followed by two others, one relating to æsthetic culture, and the other to the religious idea." The general aim of the present instalment of the work is expressed as that of "showing the connection between the art idea and divine truth in the great design of civilizing and making glad the earth." Of art abstractly considered, this happy definition is supplied at starting: "Without undertaking here to define art precisely, we may generalize it as the love of the soul, in the sense that science can be considered its law;" and, further on:—

"Poetry, music, and the drama, as well as painting and sculpture, must be included in the generic term Art, because in each, truths of beauty and harmony of form, color, sound, action, or thought, are sought to be expressed under combinations the most pleasing and incentive alike to our sensuous, emotional, and mental faculties; and we are in consequence more or less let out of ourselves into general nature or particular humanity, or made to penetrate deeper into the mysteries of our own being, rather through the force of sympathetic feeling than of logical analysis. Therefore whatever has the power to thus affect men, and is neither directly derived from innate or pure reason and science, nor is the manifest language of nature itself, but suggests the spirit, power, or presence, alike of the seen and unseen, and yet is only their artificial expression,—that is ART."

With his comprehensive and theoretic view of the subject, and his habit of high-strung and sometimes ornate writing, Mr. Jarves had a considerable task before him, and may be considered to have rather reined himself in than otherwise in not exceeding some 350 modest-sized pages of print. After the more general opening considerations, he proceeds to discuss the primary relation of art to religion; its manifestations in Egypt, India, and China, and at last Greece, with the consequent freedom attained by the artist. Then the fall of the Grecian religion and art together; the rise of Christianity and Christian art, with its anti-æsthetic conception of body as obstructive to spirit, and the noble expressional uses to which it succeeded in turning such a conception. "The generous culture of the Greek produced more pleasing effects, because his scope was normal humanity and his aim natural beauty. The Christian attempted a more difficult task, and with a loftier purpose; he sought to portray the triumphs of the spirit over the body. . . . He destroyed the harmony which should exist between holy feeling and beautiful form." The uncompleted career of the Christian art and artist is well pointed out as follows:—

"Unfortunately, before he had perfected his style, he was seduced from his purer motive into a love of the external, and learned to prefer workmanship or mere scientific skill and force to idea; so that, without surpassing, according to the inspiration of his faith, the best works of the plastic art of Greece as inspired by its religion, he has simply hinted the superior excellence of his motive. The

Greek perfected his work, and rested awhile upon the high standard he had created. His Christian brother, on the contrary, has never fully reached his aim. Within one generation,—that of Raphael,—he passed rapidly from those art-motives which, if conscientiously persevered in, by the aid of science, might have long ago carried Christian art to a corresponding degree of perfection with the Grecian, into a stage that marked the decline, rather than the advance, of his new-found teacher. Mankind was not yet ripe for the perfect development of art. It preferred for a while longer dead bones to new soul-forms. It is evident to every student of human progress that Christian art, thus far, has been but a series of attempts as fluctuating and as disappointing as the expression of Christianity itself."

These considerations are recurred to and enlarged at the close of the volume, where the three great phases under which the author contemplates the art of past and present, and its general needs, are thus characterized:—

"The expression of thought as art has taken we find, three strongly pronounced and clearly defined aspects. First, the classical pagan, or sensuous-mythological. Second, the Roman Catholic, or ascetic-theological, with its reactionary offshoot of Renaissance, or the sensual-worldly, based on aristocratic culture, and the interests and tastes of lords temporal as opposed to lords ecclesiastical. Third, the Protestant, or democratic-progressive, founded upon the elevation of the people into a power of state. Art now loses in intensity of sacred symbolism and princely grandeur, but becomes more largely human in motive and humane in character. Escaping alike from priestcraft and statecraft, its growing tendency is to express the religion of humanity,—praise to God alone and goodwill to all men, as distinguished from the two previous phases of misguided religious thought and misinterpreted Christianity. . . .

"The need of art is mental equipoise and more patient and combined investigation. Its inherent weaknesses are one-sidedness, extravagance, suspicion, intolerance, haste, jealousy, want of completeness intellectually, and of harmony morally. To counteract the excessive impulses of feeling, and the tendency of artistic thought to narrowness of intellectual vision and an exuberance of individualism, it requires a greater cultivation of the scientific and reflective faculties."

Architecture is spoken of as "the culmination of art,—to man, what God is to nature;" and this subject, along with Protes-

tantism in art, forms the main topic of three chapters towards the middle of the book, succeeded by seven in which the condition of America in relation to art, and the American schools of painting, sculpture, and architecture, are discussed in considerable detail, and with much candid and outspoken criticism of individuals dead and living. This section of the book is, no doubt, somewhat out of proportion to the rest, so far as the general interests of art are concerned; but the disproportion is right and fitting in a book written by an American, chiefly for American readers,—the more so as his estimate of the national art is by no means extravagant. The scale may be called out of proportion; the pitch is not so. The more especially American chapters are followed by one of general speculation and review, from which some of our quotations have been taken; and with this our author concludes.

The book is, in the main, a theoretic one, expository and hortatory; and our extracts have presented it in that aspect. It must not be supposed, however, that, even irrespectively of the American section, Mr. Jarves never comes to close quarters with schools, artists, and works of art. A good deal of such individual criticism varies his pages and enlivens them. To say that this American author is quite up to the general European level of cultivated opinion on such topics would be too little: whether in Europe or in America, he would belong to the select few who have spent a deal of time and of thought upon the subject, and whose opinion may mostly be accepted, and, when not accepted, still acknowledged as qualified. Such of our readers as know Mr. Jarves's previous books, especially "Art-Studies" and "Art-Hints," will not need to be informed of this. The only extract we can afford from the more directly critical portion of Mr. Jarves's labors, and that of a more general character than many other passages which might have been selected, is the following, on the influence of contemporary French upon American art:—

"It is the French school that mainly determines the character of our growing art. In some respects New York is only an outgrowth of Paris. Every year witnesses a marked increase of the influence of the metropolis of France, in matters of art, taste, and fashion, on the metropolitan city of America. So powerful, indeed, is its in-

fluence in Europe, that the hope of the English school now lies in the example and teaching of its rival. Exhibitions and sales of fine specimens of the French school have already vastly benefited us. Owing to the concentration of our most promising artists at New York, it has grown to be the representative city of America in art, and indeed for the present so overshadows all others that we should be justified in speaking of American painting, in its present stage, as the New York school, in the same light that the school of Paris represents the art of France. This predominance is more likely to increase than decrease, owing to growing professional facilities and the encouragement derived from a lavish patronage. It is particularly fortunate for the American school that it must compete at its own door with the French. The qualities of French art are those most needed here, in a technical point of view, while its motives and character generally are congenial to our tastes and ideas. The Düsseldorf was an accidental importation. That of Paris is drawn naturally to us by the growth of our own. Were the French school what it was under the Bourbons, or the empire even, conventional, pseudo-classical, sensual, and sentimental, deeply impregnated with the vices of a debauched aristocracy and revolutionary fanaticism, we should have been less inclined towards it than to any other. But it crosses the Atlantic, refined, regenerated, and expanded by the force of modern democratic and social ideas. The art of France is no longer one of the church or aristocracy. It is fast rooting itself in the hearts and the heads of the people, with nature as its teacher."

We cannot dwell at any length upon general or particular differences of opinion of our own as against Mr. Jarves. We will only indicate two. His statement that, in certain phases of archaic Christian art, Jesus "was *designedly* represented as ignoble and vulgar" appears to us to be erroneous. The error, however, if really such, is shared by other writers. That no single probable instance could be cited in proof we will not venture to propound; but we are convinced that any such instance would be merely exceptional. There are, indeed, many dreadful looking figures of the Saviour,—so dreadful that the artist has his own want of feeling or of skill to blame if the spectator comes to the conclusion expressed by Mr. Jarves; but we are not any the more inclined to admit that conclusion. We believe the simple and much more readily presumable fact to be that, in

the phases of art referred to, Christ is *designedly* represented so that his sufferings and humiliation may be chiefly impressed upon the spectator, and that, owing, as above suggested, to want of feeling or of skill in the artist, he is thus *undesignedly* brought to look "ignoble and vulgar." The artist intended the piteous; he realized only the pitiful. Our second bone to pick with Mr. Jarves is *à propos* of that great artistic nation, the Japanese. We do not remember that this nation is even so much as mentioned in the book; but, in the absence of distinct specification, it may fairly be understood as lumped up with the Chinese in such phrases as "presenting falsehood for truth, perpetuating error, and barring progress;" "a false and immovable art;" "grotesque, mystical, and unnatural shapes, and barbarous displays of color." Now anybody who knows what the Japanese (not to speak of the Chinese) really have done in the way of art, and to this day continue doing, knows that such phrases are so inadequate an expression of truth as to be a positive and perverse fallacy. To take a single instance: the truly great Japanese artist, Oxi, who worked some half-century ago, might challenge all Europe since the time of Albert Durer to produce woodcut designs in landscape, animal-subjects, and figure sketches, so perfect as are his own in many of the highest qualities, or so supremely admirable as a complete artistic result according to the intended standard. As for variety and multiplicity of action, composition, grouping, movement, accessory, and so on, there are many Japanese draughtsmen of quite heroic dimensions. A designer combining the best qualities of Menzel and of Dore would bear, to the standard of European art, something of the same relation which such Japanese designers bear to the standard of Japanese art. Of these facts Mr. Jarves may be unaware, and excusably unaware; but, then, he should not lay down the law about the fine art of the Celestial Empire and its congeners.

Some of our readers may have heard that Mr. Jarves formed in Europe a collection of paintings by the old masters, which he carried with him to America. His "Preliminary Talk" gives many interesting details about this collection, whose value is attested on high authority, and about the carping and unhandsome imputations cast upon the

author for having shown himself to be a man of taste in the selection of the works, and a man of public spirit in the offers which he made for disposing of them to his countrymen. We cannot speak of the gallery from personal knowledge; but there are good vouchers for its genuineness; and surely the most sensitive public might say, "No, thank you," to an offer of "nearly one hundred and fifty old masters, the greater part of the Florentine school," without broadly hinting that the whole transaction is a "plant." However, before his present volume left the press, Mr. Jarves had reason to think it likely that the pictures would find a permanent home with the Historical Society of New York, a body which, according to the evidence contained in these pages, may well be congratulated upon its prospective acquisition.

We conclude by quoting two attestations of the calibre of Mr. Jarves's writings. When our reader knows what Mrs. Browning and Mr. Ruskin had to say on the subject, he will perhaps do without the guidance of the present reviewer. Of the "Confessions of an Inquirer" Mrs. Browning said, *inter alia*: "With some drawbacks, my sympathies have gone with you, and glowed as they went. There are some really noble and touching things, and the whole is suggestive." Of the "Art-Hints" Mr. Ruskin said, "Your book seems to me very good and useful in many ways; I think you have the true feeling for art." W. M. R.

From The Reader.

DAY-DREAMS OF A SCHOOLMASTER.

Day-Dreams of a Schoolmaster. By D'Arcy W. Thompson. Edinburgh: Edmonston & Douglas.

THIS is a book that will provoke a good deal of adverse criticism. No one is more thoroughly aware of this than the author. It is the fate that awaits all outspoken attacks against usages which, however absurd, happen to have the recommendation of being long established. Mr. Thompson, though doubtless aware that he must ruffle the feathers of many old college friends, and perhaps the majority of the older school of teachers on both sides of the Tweed, has not been prevented from giving expression, in a manly, unshrinking way, to convictions that have been growing upon him for years. These

convictions are the fruits of experience in the mind of a man who has not been content to slide on in the traditional rut. To a long and not uniformly sweet schoolboy experience, coupled with genuine sympathy with boyish natures and an enthusiastic love of his profession, the production of the book is due. With less enthusiasm and tenderness the author would probably have consented to wield his tawse and turn the "gerundstone" in time-honored style, and would never have thought of the ameliorations suggested in his book.

We are much mistaken if the condemnation of the systems commonly in use and the general outline of that suggested by Mr. Thompson do not heartily commend themselves to all teachers who have zeal for their profession and have not become wedded to traditional humdrum.

In addition to the substantial and practical merits referred to, the book has everything to recommend it to the general reader. It consists of upwards of a score of short essays, written in a style of genial humor, sharp, but never ill-natured satire, ripe scholarship, and occasionally of unaffected pathos, which make it one of the most readable books that have fallen in our way for a long time. It is readable from the very best point of view; namely, importance of subject and ability of handling. It contains much that ought to be read by everybody, and is written in a style that everybody will read with pleasure. In spite of its humor and playfulness, it breathes such a spirit of earnest conviction and strong common-sense that we feel as if we were taking exercise bracing and vigorous, but withal exceedingly pleasant, or discussing a thoroughly substantial dish so deliciously cooked that we are tempted every now and then, not indeed to forget the goodness of the meat, but to remark the superadded excellence of the cookery.

The first three or four essays are occupied with St. Edward's grammar-school,—for which we may, without much danger of misrepresentation, write Christ's Hospital, London,—in which we have a light but graphic sketch of that institution and its "elementary intelligibility."

"It was all unintelligible,—all obscure; but some spots were wrapt up in more than ordinary gloom. Our chronic bewilderment was varied from time to time by shooting

pains, brought on by some passage or expression unusually indigestible. We read of creatures, happily few in number, that went about in the *Epicæne Gender*. Were they fish, flesh, or fowl? Would the breed be ever extinct? Under certain desperate circumstances, a participle and a noun together were bound hand and foot and put into the *Ablative Absolute*. What had they done, to be treated in a manner thus peremptory, unreasonable, crotchety? Did they ever get out after being put in?"

After discussing, what must surely have occurred to most teachers, the absurdity of teaching one language through the medium of a grammar written in another, both being equally unknown, on the principle that the greater the difficulty the stronger is the retention, he pushes the theory to its logical issues, and, on the ground that morality is higher than grammar, asks in half-serious banter,—

"Why not communicate the Ten Commandments through the medium of Chinese? Or, if that method be found insufficiently irksome and tedious, why not improve upon the method by rendering it physically painful? Might we not inculcate each portion of the Decalogue with the aid of a pin, and imprint it on the memory of childhood by associating it with pricks upon some sensitive portion of the frame? In this simple manner we might literally fasten a whole system of ethics and grammar upon the bodies as well as the brains of our 'little ones.'"

The worse than uselessness of making every boy go through the same dead grind of Latin and Greek versification is becoming every year more generally admitted. Mr. Thompson is fortunately one of those who can afford to speak strongly on this point without the slightest danger of having "sour grapes" thrown at him. No man knows more thoroughly than he the nicety of taste and appreciation which grows out of the imitation of the best Latin and Greek models, and few men in Britain are more accomplished masters of the art. Of this his University career and the "Prolusiones Homerice" in the present volume are ample evidence. This, however, does not prevent him from having observed, both as a schoolboy and a schoolmaster, the useless and worse,—the deadening effect of insisting on drawing water from a dry place. He has seen much valuable time wasted, much mental growth dwarfed, and many a promising plant made barren by being trans-

planted into an ungenial soil and kept there after it was found unsuitable.

"He may achieve certain results, I acknowledge. A pupil, after years of profitless toil, may acquire the mechanical power of wedging together geometric blocks of deal into the form of a hexameter. But the time and trouble wasted on the acquisition of this mechanical dexterity might have carried him over a broad field of reading in the classics or a wide range of scientific study, or through the leading authors of some modern literature. Alas! my English brethren of the scholastic cloth, how long shall we turn rapidly our gerundstones in the vain endeavor to grind sawdust into flour?"

Mr. Thompson means these remarks to apply only to those who are naturally prosaic. We all know that there are such to be found. In Christ's Hospital a choice was given between Latin and English verse. He gives us a few ludicrous examples, and adds,—

"Caw, caw, was all these honest rooks could say; and you might have whistled till you were black in the face before you would have removed the black out of their rook faces or the caw out of their husky throats. In the Hellenic class we advanced to ambitious efforts, epic and lyrical. We all sung; some bass, some tenor, some heaven only knows how. One or two of us were very prolific. I plead guilty to having been the juvenile parent of some two thousand Hexameters and of innumerable Alcaics. I shall plead extenuating circumstances when I am brought before Rhadamanthus. Many of my brother Hellenists have nothing to fear from that stern judge. They suffered enough for their misdoings in the actual doing. They were delivered of their poetry with throes that cannot be uttered.

It may be urged that Mr. Thompson's own ripe scholarship is due to the turning of the immemorial and despised gerundstone, and that therefore he should have treated it more respectfully. He, however, anticipates such criticism by admitting that some of the crew of Ulysses reached Ithaca. "But where are their old comrades? Poor fellows! they are all drowned. They are lying at the bottom of that Ægean which in life was the scene of all their suffering and the reservoir of all their geography."

With the majority of the class "there had been no lack of sowing, but there had been no reaping, no gathering into barns; although, Heaven knows! the ground had been well harrowed and the seed had been watered plentifully, and with tears."

Mr. Thompson contends for the teaching of English, Latin, Greek, French, and German on a broad catholic system on the apparently unassailable ground that "a good scholar in Latin and Greek will be a good scholar in French and German *if he choose*." It is undeniable that there is much more affinity between modern and what are called the dead languages, than between the latter and some of the branches,—such as modern history,—with which, in many good schools, they are associated. The affinity will be greater if we think with our author, as many do, that Latin and Greek still live in Italy and Greece. Whether this be admitted or no, it will not be denied that, viewed even as dead, with their grammar and syntax immutably stereotyped, there are in them and the better known modern tongues, so many parallel lines of general grammar that it is matter for wonder that the Catholic system here suggested has not been generally adopted long ere now. Such a system would consign to an unpitied grave all the tedious, over-burdened grammars of which all schoolboys have such a genuine horror, with their arbitrary and apparently unmeaning rules, their endless strings of exceptions, "not one exceptionable word having escaped the diabolic ken of the compiler,"—grammars that have stifled ten intellectual efforts for one they have encouraged. By the association of the ancient with modern languages as cognate studies, the pupil would begin to regard the former as *forms of speech*, instead of perhaps entertaining a "hazy idea that Latin was employed by a Roman tradesman for composing an Elegiac valentine or an advertisement in Alcaics."

The burden of the book, however, is not simply destructive or vaguely suggestive. In the course of four essays the author explains, as fully as can be done on paper, the method he pursues in his own class. Our space forbid us to enter fully into this. We may say, however, that the thread which runs through the whole is *interest and common-sense*,—that it is an attempt to climb Ben Lomond by a gentle ascent, with occasional rests to view the surrounding landscape, instead of breasting it by a precipitous route, which only the strong can successfully attempt, and from which the weak get nothing but enervating and unrequited toil. It must not be supposed that Mr. Thompson fancies

he has discovered a royal road to learning, and that high scholarship is attainable without great labor. He knows there must be toil; but he believes, and we agree with him, that an intelligent interest can, from the first, be created which will lighten the toil, and, though it should not make the learner unconscious of exertion, will not leave him benumbed and dispirited. Many a child would have found Latin easy and interesting, "had we not been at such pains to make it difficult and dull. A boy will perspire as freely in playing cricket or football as in turning a crank or a treadmill, and with far better results physically and mentally. Such, generally, is his theory of classical teaching. To those who wish to see how naturally and feasibly he carries it out in practice we recommend a perusal of his book or a visit to his class, or both.

While, however, we have no doubt about the superiority of the method, so long as it is in his own hands or in those of teachers of similar ability and enthusiasm, and though we are convinced that even a partial adoption of it—many teachers could not accomplish more—would be an immense improvement, we are not sure that, if adopted entirely, it would be uniformly successful. There are many teachers to whose capacity, or rather want of capacity, the traditional method, mechanical and wooden though it be, is better suited. The teaching profession, like fifty others, is taken up by many simply as a livelihood, and without a particle of the *con amore* which alone can insure full success. For all such it may reasonably be doubted whether a more mechanical and technical method can be altogether dispensed with. We have no doubt that many who turn the gerundstone with tolerable success would, from want of tact and love of the work, fail sadly in carrying out Mr. Thompson's views, admirable as they are in theory and in his own practice. In short, with some men, teaching, to be done at all, must be in great part mechanical. It is a pity, but it is nevertheless a fact. Many of the suggestions, however, can easily be reduced to method, and adopted by the most mechanical of teachers. The sooner this is done the better. The time is coming, though it is yet perhaps somewhat distant, when it will be universal. That some change is required is evident from the following extract:—

"Reader, you have, I will suppose, a son, who has been acquiring an English accent, and a partial control over the Elegiac metre in some public school, say for the last six years. When he next dines at home, take him unawares at depart-time, and offer him a guinea if he can express the following sentence in correct Latin: 'I have been learning Latin for six years; and, upon my word, I don't think I could, in that language, say *Bo* to a goose.' Your guinea will be quite safe. But, if your little daughter has had a French governess for six months, a similar experiment in French would be attended with some risk."

The fairness of the test must be admitted, and the fact implied will be questioned only by those who have some loose guineas to throw away. One essay is devoted to female boarding-schools; and he runs a tilt against the gimcrackery and pretentiousness which prevail in many of them. The same strong grip of common sense, pleasant satire, and lightness without flippancy characterize this essay. It gives what will be recognized as a correct estimate of the female intellect and the training suited for it, and it ends with a tribute to a departed one, the pathos of which comes direct from the heart, and which, for simple unaffected tenderness, is not surpassed by anything we remember having read.

"And once upon a time, reader,—a long, long while ago,—I knew a schoolmaster; and that schoolmaster had a wife. And she was young and fair and learned; like that princess-pupil of old Ascham, fair and learned as Sydney's sister, Pembroke's mother. And her voice was ever soft, gentle, and low, reader; an excellent thing in woman. And her fingers were quick at needlework, and nimble in all a housewife's cunning. And she could draw sweet music from the ivory board; and sweeter, stranger music from the chill life of her schoolmaster-husband. And she was slow of heart to understand mischief; but her feet ran swift to do good. And she was simple with the simplicity of girlhood, and wise with the wisdom that cometh only of the Lord,—cometh only to the children of the Kingdom. And her sweet young life was as a morning hymn, sung by child-voice to rich organ-music. Time shall throw his dart at Death ere Death has slain such another. For she died, reader, a long, long while ago. And I stood once by her grave,—her green grave,—not far from dear Dunedin. Died, reader, for all she was so fair and young and learned and simple and good. And, I am told, it made a great difference to that schoolmaster."

The next five essays are of a more technical character; but their technicality is frequently relieved by great originality of thought and an undercurrent of rich humor. In the two "Back to Babel" and "Dissolving Views" much scholarlike ingenuity is shown in support of a proposal for the remodelling of classical grammars. Perhaps, in a book on the whole aiming at, and certain to obtain, popularity, these essays had been better omitted. To the comparative philologist the suggestions thrown out need, perhaps, no further development than has been given them; but to others our author will seem to have asserted rather than proved,—to have produced ingenious speculations rather than matured theories. Mr. Thompson, perhaps, means us to infer this from his saying, "Am I in earnest, reader, or simply hawering? Have I made some curious discoveries? or, what is more probable, some curious blunders? Have I sprung a mine of philology or sprung a leak?"

The gem of the book is, to our thinking, "Nursery Reform." In it, more than in any other of the essays, we have the excellences that characterize the book generally. We could wish it were ten times as long as it is; but it would be unreasonable to expect so rich a vein to run so far. Whether in the Elia-like style in which he apostrophizes dogs and cats, chimney-sweepkins and canary-children; the rollicking, baby-like abandonment with which, after being naughty, "We will promise to be good; we will throw tiny arms half-round papa's neck; will kiss him half-way through his yellow beard; we'll be happy forever and ever and ever, and live on toffee and almond-rock. Oh, the bliss of making up! The rain after drought! The sunshine after rain! Yea,—'tis a sweet thing and a pleasant to have been a little naughty;" the exquisite tenderness which cruelty to children always excites in him; the pleasant satire, flavored by a keen sense of the ludicrous, with which he describes his Circetum, or Normal Institution for the Training of Nursery Maidens,—a description which reminds us at one time of the famous Chaldee MS. in *Blackwood* and at another of the "Vision of Mirza," with a strong current of breaking fun running through it; the description of the model nursery, which, we venture to say, no one with any pretension to a sense of humor can read without a hearty guffaw,—

indeed, from whatever point we view it, Mr. Thompson has here outstripped himself. We must not injure the essay by quotation.

We have left ourselves little space for the remaining essays, which are devoted to two kindred topics; namely, the social position of the schoolmaster and the pressure of gentleness as contrasted with harshness and the tawse, or birch. He has too high an idea of the importance of his office to be ashamed of it, in spite of its occupying a position inferior to that of a medical man of small practice or a briefless advocate. Can any one deny that it is inconsistent—nay, that it is anything less than a shame—that such should be the case in a country which, if it plumes itself on anything, does so justly on its education? Is it less than a shame that the profession which supplies the country with material for its noblest boast should occupy, in the professional list, an unquestionably subordinate position,—and this, too, though its members be as well-born, well-mannered, and in many cases much better educated than the classes who take precedence of it? Driven into a corner, we are compelled to admit that there is great force in the explanation suggested by Mr. Thompson; namely, that it is the schoolmaster's power and practice of corporal punishment that tend to drag him down. We are not prepared to go with him the length of recommending the disuse of corporal punishment altogether; but we think it should be administered by some other than the man whom, next to parents, boys ought to respect. When a felon is hanged, the judge who sentences him is not loathed. Calcraft is.

The essays on the "Social Position of

Schoolmasters" and on the "Pressure of Gentleness" are contributions to literature for which all schoolmasters, all schoolboys, and all parents who may have the good luck to read them ought to be more grateful than for anything of a similar kind that has yet appeared. Our author's ideal of a perfect school is given in "Schola in Nubibus." Some may think it far from perfect. We can only say that, though we know many, we know none anything like so good, adding at the same time that it is not Utopian, but the utterance of a clear-headed, large-hearted, practical man. It is a fancy picture in the future. The principal of the school is introduced giving a parting advice to a number of pupils who are leaving school for college. The advice is so full of good sense, good feeling, knowledge of character and of the world, and of gentlemanly instinct, that we are sorry we cannot quote it at length. Indeed, our difficulty throughout has been to resist the temptation to quote. There are few pages that do not contain something which, either for its terseness, its humor, its pathos, or its value as original and logical thought, is worthy of being reproduced.

We have read the book with the greatest satisfaction, and hope it is only the precursor of another such. It is rare, indeed, to meet with an author who so happily combines the elements of laughter and tears; so full of scholarship without an atom of its pedantry; so genial, yet with so keen an eye for humbug and sham; so full of the manliness we admire in a man, and the tenderness we love in a woman.

A CORRESPONDENT in the *Times* gives an account of a wonderful engineering feat in Brazil. The railway from the port of Santos to San Paulo has to cross, eight miles from the former place, the mountain range of Sierra do Mar, and to accomplish this an ascent of 2,600 feet has to be made in the course of five miles. To effect this Mr. Brunlees, the engineer, has devised a scheme by which the ascent is made in four divisions of a mile and a quarter each, with stationary engines at their summits, the gradient throughout being one in ten. The first division

is already in operation, and rapid progress is being made with the third, the most arduous of all. The line has there to cross a gloomy ravine nine hundred feet in breadth, known as the "Bocca do Inferno," and rests on iron columns bedded on stone piers two hundred feet below. The steel wire rope used for drawing up the trains is one and one-eighth inches diameter. All this engineering skill has not been exhibited to no purpose, as the line will open up a most important coffee district at present almost inaccessible.—*Spectator*.

SIR CHARLES LYELL's address to the British Association was less discursive and more strictly scientific than usual, but by no means too technical for general apprehension. It was, perhaps, the best the association has ever heard. Its most interesting portion was a discussion of the great effect produced on the temperature of different parts of the earth's surface by depressions or elevations of other parts. He told the association of the manifold proofs that the greater part of the African Sahara has at no very distinct geological period been beneath the ocean, and the high coast of Barbary so insulated from the body of the continent, and probably in unbroken connection with Spain, Sicily, and South Italy; and he illustrated his theory by explaining the probable effect on the climate of Europe of the elevation of this vast, sandy plain. The hot sirocco, he said, which when it blows now melts so rapidly the snows on the Apennines and Alps as to cause the most dangerous floods, and to exhibit a visible rise in the snow-line even in Switzerland from day to day, attains this great heat from the burning tropical sand of the Sahara over which it passes. At the time when this Sahara was still beneath the sea, this wind would have been charged with the ocean's moisture instead of with dry heat, and on striking the Alps would have been driven up by its comparative warmth and lightness to the higher regions of the atmosphere, where it would have deposited its moisture in the form of snow, and instead of melting the glaciers have greatly increased them. This alone Sir C. Lyell thought might have been sufficient to account for the Alps having been in the glacial period as much as two thousand or three thousand feet, according to Charpentier, higher than they are now. Sir C. Lyell concluded his lecture with a very striking commentary on the growing *imperfection* of our theories of the past ages of geology, every addition to our knowledge only serving to show that "it has never been a part of the plan of nature to leave a complete record of all her works and operations" for the enlightenment of after-ages.—*Spectator*, 17 Sept.

Essays on Social Subjects. From the *Saturday Review*. Blackwood & Sons.

If the peculiarity of these latter days, or at least of their literature, is, as is often asserted, its excessive subjectivity, then this volume is their outcome, their sample production. No man ever traced the working of the less predominant tendencies of our common human nature with so subtle a discrimination and so searching a detective power except by a habit of self-introspection. Carried to so remarkable an extent as in this very clever volume, it makes one really uncomfortable out of pure sympathy for the writer; for whatever that habit may do for a man's intellect or ultimately for the public, it commonly does very little for his happiness. What a life a man must lead who wrote these essays on "Foolish Things" and "False Shame." Fancies of this kind are, however, often erroneous, and we willingly hope

that the author is endowed with a less disagreeable sensitiveness than we imagine; for at all events, his book will give great pleasure to students of character,—a class to whom the *Saturday* reviewer devotes a whole article. The peculiarity of these essays is, we think, to be found in the skill with which secondary tendencies are followed and their results exposed. When he gets upon the qualities of our nature which are universal, he is apt to shirk the main question, and deal rather with the disguises under which the quality sometimes conceals itself than with its essential characteristics,—not so much to tell us what it is as to show us the obscure holes of the mind in which it sometimes lurks. This may be intentional, and doubtless if a man is determined to be original, he must treat well-worn subjects after this fashion. But we like the *Saturday* reviewer best on the smallest subjects.—*Spectator*.

A WORD WITH SPAIN.

SPAIN is waking up in earnest. Hear the last news:—

"It is proposed to construct on Spanish soil a maritime canal, to supersede the Straits of Gibraltar."

We call this mean. After the trouble we took to get (no, not much to get, but) to keep Gibraltar, we really consider the proposed trick unworthy of a chivalrous nation. However, the world is becoming very vulgar and mercantile, and it is of no use complaining. One would like to know the particulars, and how our flank is to be turned. Perhaps the new canal is to begin at the mouth of the Giddle-kee-veer (written Guad-alquiver, and rhymed to gentle river in young ladies' songs) and come out at Malaga, a very good hundred miles of cutting as the crow cuts, with some nice tunnelling in the way. The Spaniards, of course, can't do it; and if it is to be done, the decent thing would be to offer the job to an English company, whom *Mr. Punch* will back to be through before Lesseps has done Suez. But why not be economical, gentlemen Spaniards,—why not buy Gibraltar of us? We'll sell it very cheap. Spain to turn Protestant, and England to have all the port for twenty years; or we'll say the port and never mind the Protestantism. Come, that will be cheaper than the canal. You had better make a bargain, or we may happen to sell the place at Tangier, and bring the Moors back into Europe. Remember, England is a Mahometan power, and with a little reinforcement from India, could easily restore the crescent in Spain. We don't wish to put on the screw, but this Gibraltar notion is so very mean that we are obliged to speak out. But the Spaniards are mean. Didn't their great poet, Quintana, write a great poem on the battle of Trafalgar, and omit all mention of the French? He did.—*Punch*.